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## WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE.

BY FITZROY CARRINGTON.

WHEN a telegram from the Editor of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO was handed to me, asking for an article on the "newly-discovered Whistlers," at a couple of days' notice, I must admit that I was somewhat taken aback. "Newly-discovered Whistlers?" Where? Could there be any new and hitherto undescribed plates? An interchange of telegrams soon cleared up the mystery, and the notes which accompany these illustrations are the result.

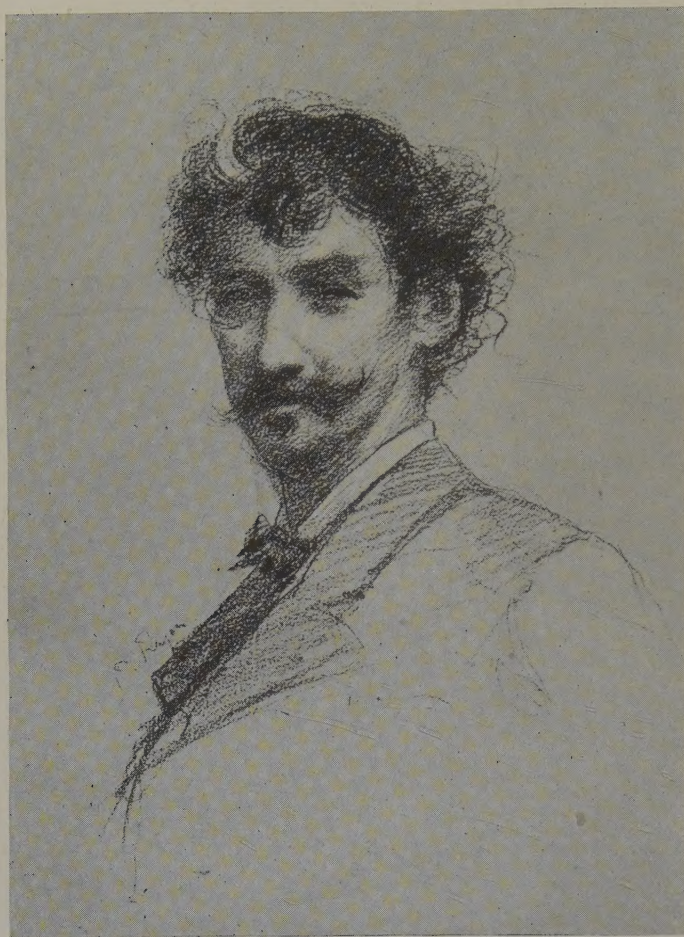
I was sure that all I had to do was to refer to "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by my dear and valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, and I should at once "find out all about it." Strangely enough, Mr. Lucas is barely mentioned in their entertaining Biography. "There were times, however, when everyone failed, even Mr. Lucas, George Whistler's friend, who was living in Paris and often came to his rescue," (page 59); this in Whistler's student days in the Latin Quarter (1855-1858). Then (page 200), M. Duret borrows from Mr. Lucas a photograph which Whistler had given him of the unfinished portrait of *Irving as Philip II*; and a third, but significant, note (page 140): "Whistler's name was hardly known in America, and M. Duret writes that, probably, Mr. George Lucas spoke of Whistler to Mr. Avery, the Art Commissioner for the United States at the Exhibition (French International Exhibition, 1867). The result was that a number of his etchings

and four pictures were hung: *The White Girl*, *Wapping or On the Thames*, *Old Battersea Bridge*, *Twilight on the Ocean*, the title then of the Graham Robertson *Valparaiso*"—And that is all!

There are eighty-two subjects, in one hundred and twelve impressions (including duplicates and various "States"), and fifteen lithographs—two being duplicates. One would expect to find the "French Set" complete, but there are six plates only: *Liverdun*, *La Réta-meuse*, *Little Arthur*, *La Vieille aux Loques*, *Fumette*, *The Kitchen*, together with the etched Title dedicated *A Mon Vieille Ami*, *Seymour Haden*, showing Whistler, seated, making a drawing, for which Ernest Delannoy, putting on Whistler's big hat, sat. Perhaps Mr. Lucas gave away the six other subjects. One misses *Annie* (Haden)—"wonderful little Annie" of *At the Piano* and *The Music Room*—a record of Whistler's visits to his brother-in-law, Seymour Haden; *Street at Saverne* and *The Unsafe Tenement*, both etched on that most wonderful adventure of all, in his student days, the journey to Alsace in company with Ernest Delannoy; and *La Mère Gérard*, of whom Whistler would tell such delightful stories. But we have *Fumette*—"Eloise, a little modiste, who knew Musset by heart and would recite his verses to Whistler, and who one day in a rage, tore up, not his etchings, as Mr. Wedmore says, but the Gavarni-like drawings." Mr. Luke Ionides writes: "She sat to him (Whistler) several times, with her curly hair down her back. She had a good voice, and I often thought she had suggested Trilby to Du Maurier." *The Kitchen* (Wedmore's



## Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER

P. A. RAJON

First State), and *La Vieille aux Loques* are there, both fine; and *La Rétameuse* is in the excessively rare First State—"one or two proofs only"—so rare that it could not be reproduced for the Kennedy-Grolier Club Catalogue. To about this same period belong the other plates not less interesting: *The Rag Gatherers*, *A Little Boy* (Seymour Haden, Jr.), First State, "two or three only"—signed with Whistler's butterfly and his name; *Soupe à Trois Sous*, done at midnight in a low tavern, which was raided by gendarmes while he was at work; *Bibi Valentin*, *Bibi Lalouette*—one of his loveliest portraits of children. "His draughtsmanship is never truer," writes Royal Cortissoz, "never more bewitching, than when it follows with a kind of tender sympathy the lines of some small figure, furrowed or ragged. Hans Andersen himself

was no more at home with the spirit of childhood than was Whistler"—which may be news to some persons who see in Whistler's art mainly "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies!"

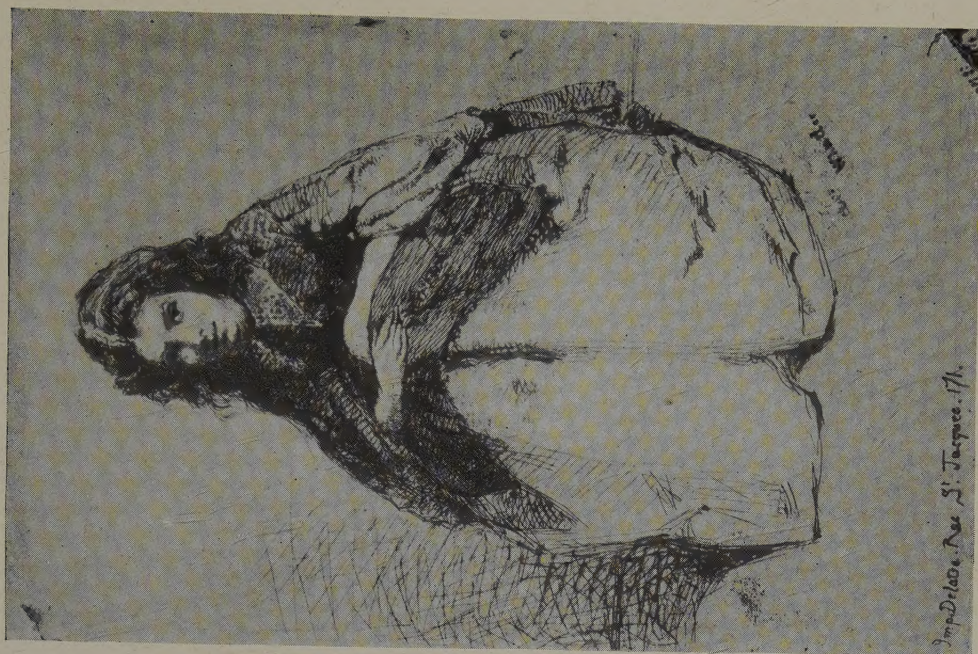
"The Thames Set"—"Sixteen etchings of scenes on the Thames, and other subjects," to give it full title—lacks one plate only, *Westminster Bridge*, of being complete. Any comment on this series of masterpieces is, at this late day, a needless impertinence. Had Whistler etched nothing else these plates would assure his place among the Immortals. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Mr. Lucas was, from the very beginning, well aware of their rare quality. On *Limehouse* is a note, in Mr. Lucas' autograph: "Proof exposed in Paris Salon by Whistler"; *Eagle Wharf* is signed by Whistler with his name and butterfly, and "To George Lucas" is added. *The*





LA VIEILLE AUX LOQUES

J. MC N. WHISTLER



FUMETTE

J. MC N. WHISTLER





ROTHERHITHE

J. McN. WHISTLER.



## Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



EAGLE WHARF

J. MC N. WHISTLER

*Pool* (between First and Second States, seemingly; with a full sky) is also signed by Whistler, and is the impression shown at the Salon. There is a second impression, of the same subject, with changes in the sky. *The Limeburner*, signed with Whistler's name and butterfly, is noted "To George Lucas"; *Rotherhithe* (Second State) is marked, in Mr. Lucas' handwriting, "Proof exposed by Whistler in Paris Salon. No. 2756," and there is a fine impression of the same plate in the Third State. But to record them all would occupy too much space. *The Miser*—a rare plate at any time—is in a state seemingly undescribed, before the signature (between IV and V?) but otherwise finished. *A Child on a Couch No. 2* (W. 112. K. 125 M. 122) in the Second State, is signed with the butterfly and Whistler's name, J. A. McN. Whistler. Then there is *Amsterdam, etched from the Tolhuis* (1863), signed with the butterfly, marked "To George Lucas," done when "Whistler was in Amsterdam with Legros, looking at the Rembrandts with pleasure, at the Van der Helsts with disappointment . . . no doubt hunting for old paper, and adding to his collection of blue and white porcelain, when the news came

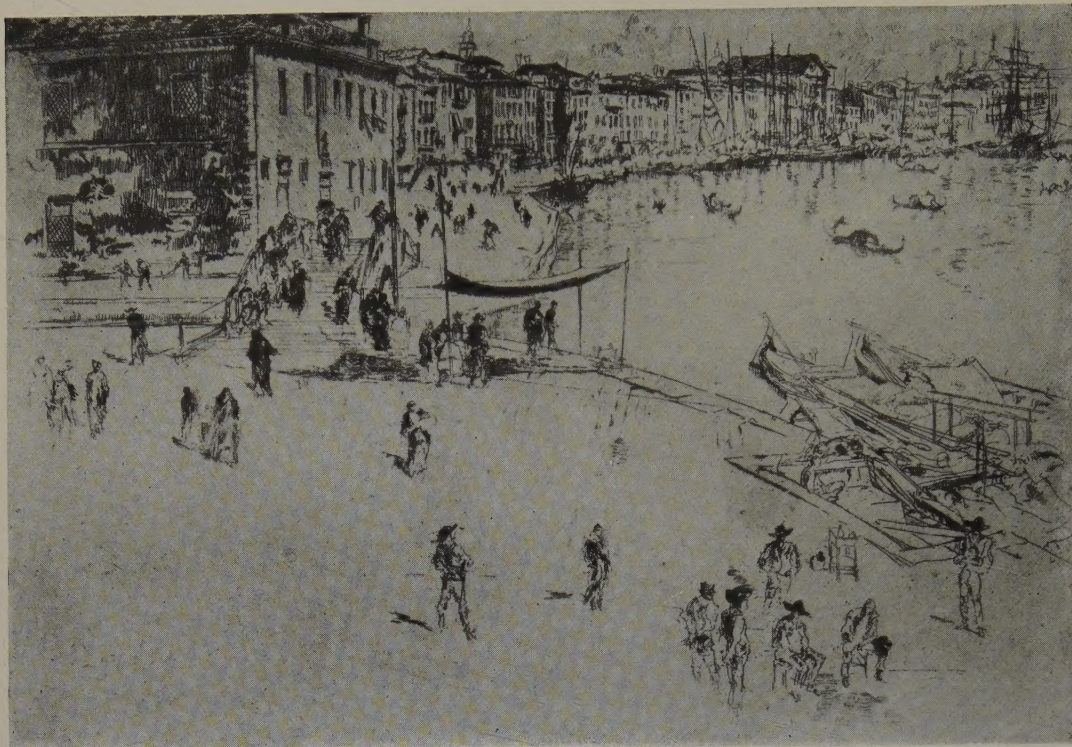
that he had been awarded a gold medal for his Thames plates at an exhibition at the Hague." A noble, wild, sky; a splendid plate, full of dash and fire and freedom—a delight always. And so, through various other subjects, to *The Large Pool*, signed with the butterfly, marked "To George Lucas," and *Adam and Eve Tavern, Old Chelsea*, which, more than any other plate of the period, marks the transition from his earlier method into the freer, more elliptic, more suggestive style of the Venetian plates.

Whether Mr. Lucas ever had a set of *Venice; a Series of Twelve Etchings*, I do not know. Most probably. It is not, alas, in his collection at the Maryland Institute. The "Twenty-six Etchings" is there—complete—together with nine additional impressions showing variations in "states." It was to accompany this set (issued in 1886; 22 Venetian subjects, etched in 1880, the remaining five, of English subjects, etched a little later. Thirty sets only. Fifty Guineas the set), that Whistler put forth his *Propositions*, now a Whistler Classic.

Yes, I *must* say it sometime, and this is an excellent opportunity! A "Classic," but one



## Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



RIVA NO. II.

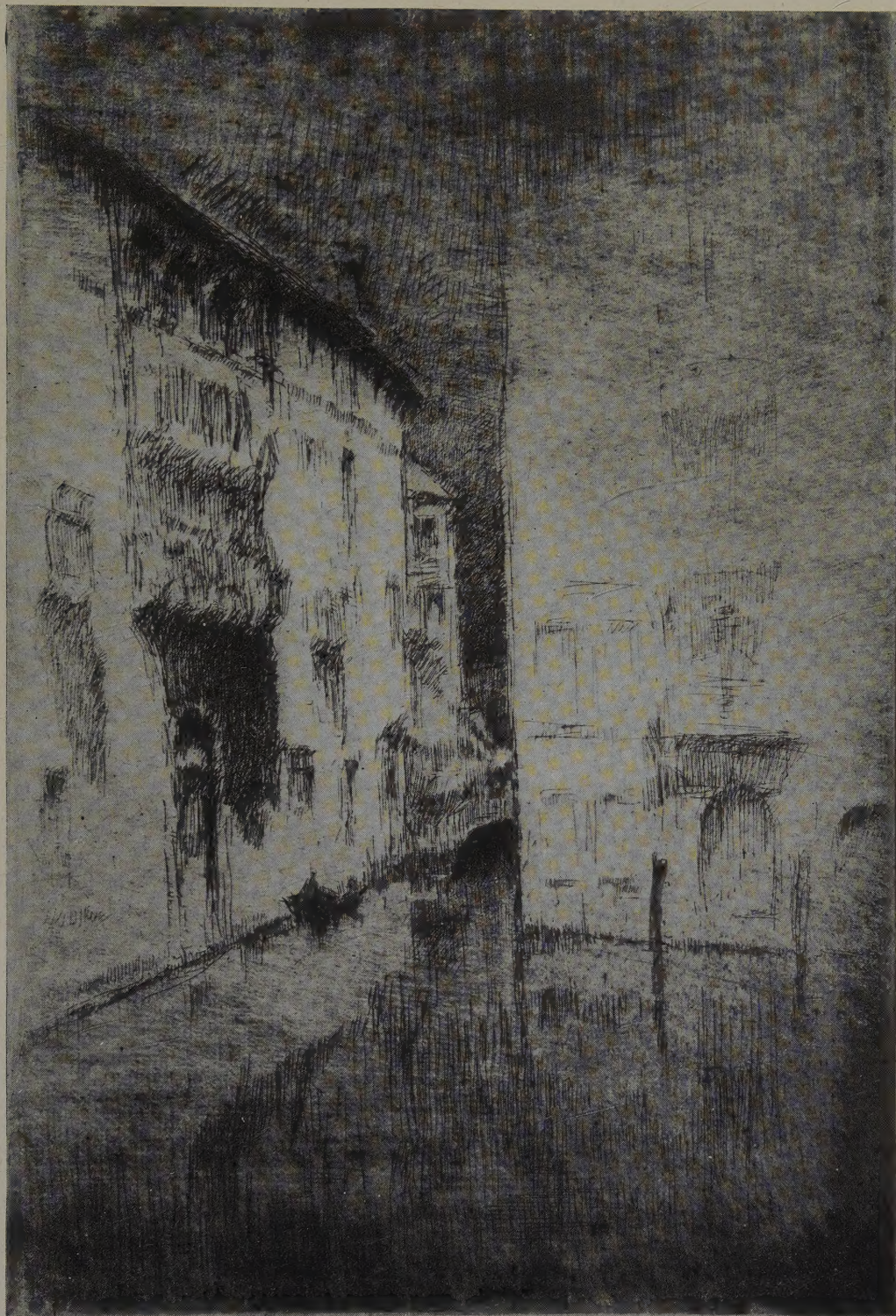
J. MC N. WHISTLER

of the most irritating of Whistler's performances. He damns the "Remarque" and for that we thank him—but, commencing with the Venice plates, he gives us in its stead a most diabolical substitute—the tab upon which he draws his butterfly. It is always in the way, always a distraction, always a mistake, so far as I can see, after thirty years and more of "cussing" it!

It is related of Whistler that when asked by an injudicious, though enthusiastic, admirer which of his etchings he considered the best, replied ALL. We will confine ourselves, therefore, mainly to recording, rather than commenting upon these plates. All are signed with the butterfly—and the set is complete, as stated above. Those who know the subtlety, the beauty, the infinite variety and personal quality of Whistler's printing will realize that only by seeing the individual proof can its full beauty be judged. No one, except Whistler himself, in some of the Amsterdam plates and the choicest of the Belgian series, has ever surpassed them. *San Biagio* is in the First State, of nine states. *Turkeys*, also is in

the First State—so rare that it is not reproduced in Kennedy-Grolier Club Catalogue. *Bead-Stringers* in the Fourth State, of eight; *Long Lagoon* is represented by two fine impressions of the First State—one of them very early, before the plate was cleaned. *Nocturne: Palaces* is quite beautiful; it seems to be a Sixth State, or variant thereof. *The Bridge*, an unsurpassed masterpiece, is in two impressions; the Second State, signed with Whistler's name and butterfly, marked "To George A. Lucas," and in the Eighth State. "The most perfect etching of the sort ever made," writes Joseph Pennell, "not a line could be dispensed with—not a line too many. A canal near San Giacomo in the very heart of Venice." There are two impressions of *Upright Venice* in the Second State, one of them early before the plate was cleaned. *The Balcony*, sixth of the eleven States, and *The Garden*, both of them noteworthy for their entrancing freedom and inexhaustible suggestiveness. *The Rialto* (Second State) and that most elusive *Nocturne: Furnace*, somewhere around the Fourth State—my very hasty notes may be at



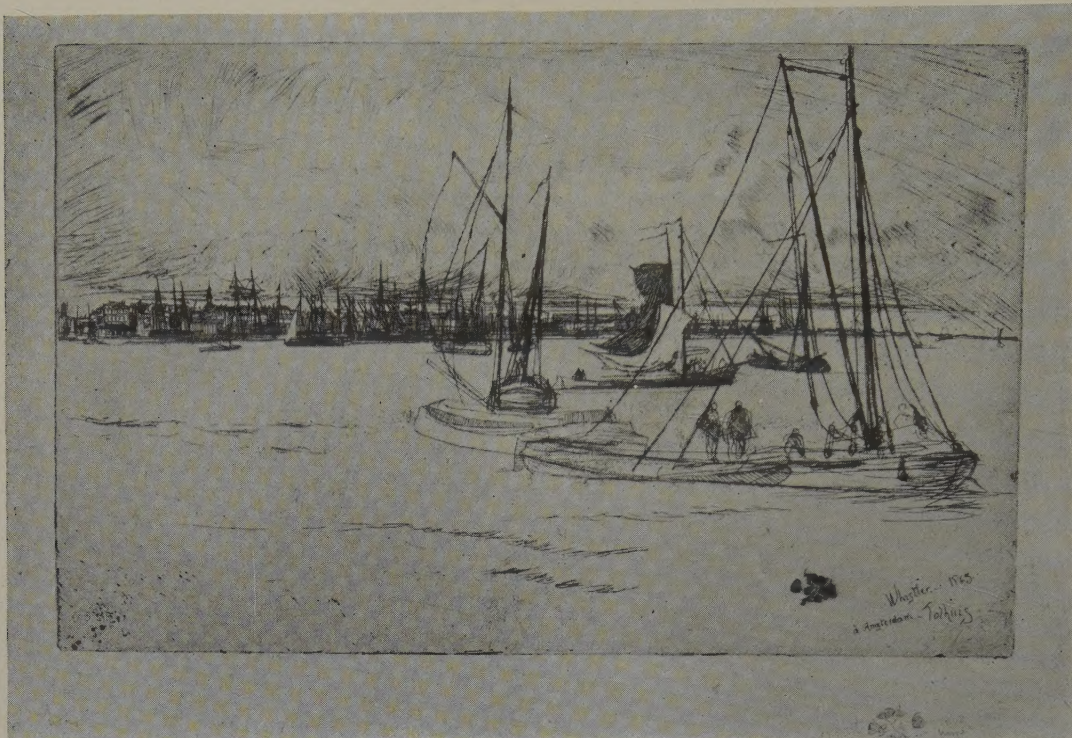


NOCTURNE:  
PALACES

J. McN.  
WHISTLER



## *Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute*



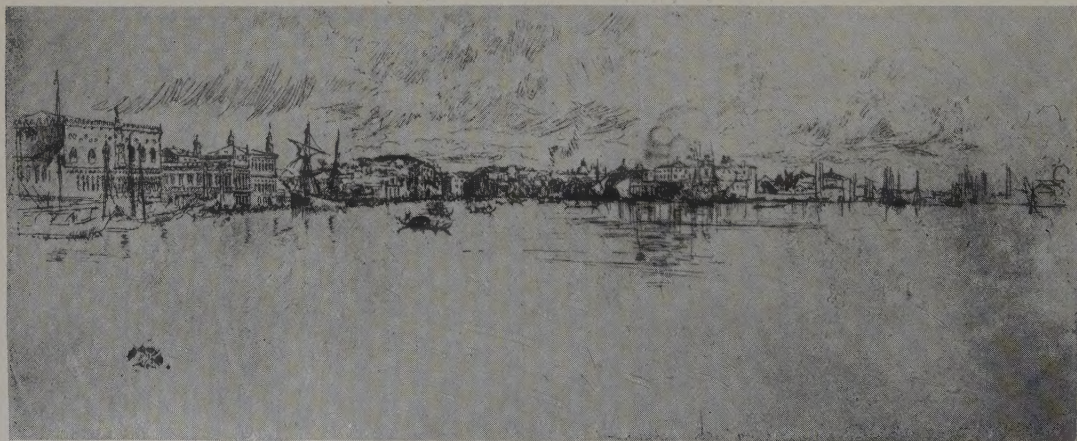
AMSTERDAM FROM THE TOLHUIS

J. MC N. WHISTLER

fault here—*La Salute: Dawn*, in two impressions, and *Lagoon: Noon* brings the "Twenty-six Etchings" to an end.

The Editor, in his letter, referred to a Whistler "find" in Baltimore; I cannot claim to have "found" anything. The George A. Lucas collection has been at the Maryland Institute for years. In addition to the Whistlers it contains about fourteen thousand prints, for the most part the work of mid-nineteenth century French etchers and lithographers, and

is, probably, with the exception of the S. P. Avery Collection, in the New York Public Library, the most comprehensive group of prints, covering that period, in America. It is, at once, an honour and a very keen pleasure to be Honorary Curator of such a collection, and if, in due course, I can make its treasures better known and to a wider public, I shall be happy. Hitherto, Baltimore has, modestly, refrained from telling of her possessions. As a visitor, I have no such scruples!



LONG VENICE

J. MC N. WHISTLER



## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



GLASS MOSAIC

SANCHI OGAWA

### **S**TAINED GLASS IN JAPAN: SANCHI OGAWA. BY EDITH BROWER.

*"This is the priesthood of art, not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm."*

*Anonymous.*

In earlier days, when the European or American went to Japan, or the Japanese travelled westward, to find out about a new art, it was in either case like going to Mars. But gradually, from observing each other sympathetically, the East and the West began to learn of each other. And whether the influence of European standards has helped or hindered the Japanese artists, undoubtedly Europe has an enormous artistic debt to pay to the Land of the Rising Sun.

In no art do we find so perfect a fusion of form and spirit. This is because for ages the

racial striving has been towards a realization of the "Impersonal-Universal," the inevitable final outcome of which would be—just what we find it to be in the art of the Japanese: An astonishing sense of Right Valuations, an absolute genius for "leaving out." For the æsthetic value of suggestion has by none been so magnificently illustrated as by this exuberant yet highly restrained people. The European artists' tendency to detail—"space composition" with them generally meaning the crowding of every least corner of paper, panel or canvas—could be safe only in the hands of the very greatest—an Albrecht Dürer for example. To counterbalance such a tendency there was needed the influence of a people who could carry synthesis to the extreme, yet retain both clarity and grace. And thus have we come together, with much gained on both sides.

In the middle of the last century opened the





STAIR WINDOW

SANCHI OGAWA



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modern period for Japan—a genuine Renaissance period. The spiritual life of the nation at the accession of the late emperor was thrilling with energy and aspiration. How this new birth would have worked its way out if the national solitude of ages had remained unbroken, we shall never know, for it had been at this time already broken in upon by a strange and unrelated people—a large-nosed people, aggressive though not war-like, bringing with them an altogether exotic atmosphere whose single element was spelled: Progress. And Progress for this race meant things undreamed-of by the Japanese.

The visit of John Lafarge must have come as a very great event in the art history of Nippon. Undoubtedly he brought back more than he left behind him; and yet his name is at this day one for the Eastern *cognoscenti* to juggle with.

It cannot have been many years before Lafarge's sojourn there that Sanchi Ogawa was born, for the latter may still be called a young man. As an infant he looked out unknowingly into the very thick of the mighty conflict between "the two dragons"—Asiatic Ideals and European Science. Out of the conflict emerged for Japan a brand-new ideal, and it came furnished with a motto put into English by Okakura thus: "Life true to Self"—the key-note, he calls it, of the modern movement, which, while striving towards an ever deeper realization of the ancient soul of beauty, also seeks after a loving knowledge of the highest in Western art creations. Self, here, is capitalized by Okakura himself, and points to the larger consciousness whose fullness arrives only after it has touched sympathetically many other selves and been responsively touched by them.

Ogawa, who as a pupil in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Tokio, had come under the immediate influence of Okakura, must have felt this great fresh longing for the larger consciousness very strongly, for, after being graduated in 1896 from the Academy, where he studied water-colour painting in the Japanese style, and after teaching drawing in a Normal school in Kobe for a few years, he set forth in 1900 for the United States. He writes of himself: "I started my life in

America just as an adventurer because I had money scarcely enough to support my life only a few months, except travelling expenses from Yokohama to Chicago." Nevertheless he entered at once the Art Institute of Chicago, gaining his necessary living and tuition in ways undivulged, though easily guessed by anyone acquainted with the splendid mettle—made up of fortitude, "leg-over-leg" energy, first-class intelligence and utter lack of false pride—which enables so many of his friendless and penniless countrymen to keep at least the tops of their heads above water while working towards some high object. In the annals of commonplace valour—the more admirable because without glitter—nothing rings more cheerily than certain tales of Japanese immigrants that will never get written out.

Ogawa took a year in the Chicago Art School, attending the full course. At the end of this twelvemonth he was appointed to an important position under the Japanese government in the department of Agriculture and Commerce. As "official experimenter"—to use his own term—his duties consisted in observing the trade conditions of various industries, also their productions, and reporting thereon periodically to the government at home. For three years he held this post, meanwhile continuing his full art studies as during the previous year, taking but three afternoons a week the second year, and the evening classes alone the third. The entire course was in decorative design. A certain evening during his last year in Chicago, 1904, suddenly stands out as a very important—perhaps the most important—in Ogawa's life. His teacher assigned him a quite new task; to go to the Tiffany room in the Marshall Field Establishment and study the stained glass there in preparation for making a sketch for a window. He may have seen stained-glass before this; if so, none had ever attracted his attention strongly. What he now saw came as a flash of revelation—revelment of the possibilities of such an art when expressed in Japanese imagery, and of his own fitness to express it. This latter feeling was probably sub-conscious, since Ogawa is the very abstract of his race's modesty. But the incontinence with which he plunged headlong into the pursuit of his fresh



## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

ideal shows how powerful must have been his self-faith. "My ambition became," he says, "to learn this sort of work at any cost." Something over a decade before, one of the students sent over to Europe by the government had brought back from Germany a knowledge of stained-glass manufacture. But the Japanese people were not ready for stained-glass, it being, Ogawa says, "out of their taste" at that time. With the change in social conditions consequent upon the Russo-Japanese war, Western architecture began to have vogue. Then was Unosawa remembered by the architects and interior decorators as the only man in the country who understood the—to them—new art, but too late for him, alas! He died shortly after. Ogawa natu-

rally bethought him of the clear field at home for such an artist as he intended to make of himself. Seven years and a half did he spend going about the United States, beginning with the St. Louis Fair, whose fine display of glass strengthened the already sprouting wings of his ambition; wherever he travelled, visiting every church or public building accessible, seeking worthy examples of illuminated windows. These he copied in water-colour with the closest care and with marvellous skill. It was in Cincinnati a year later, that he first realized his dream, getting a position as apprentice in the Artistic Glass Painting Company. The following year sees him in Dayton, Ohio, glazing, cementing, cutting, making sketches in the art-works there, in short,



## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



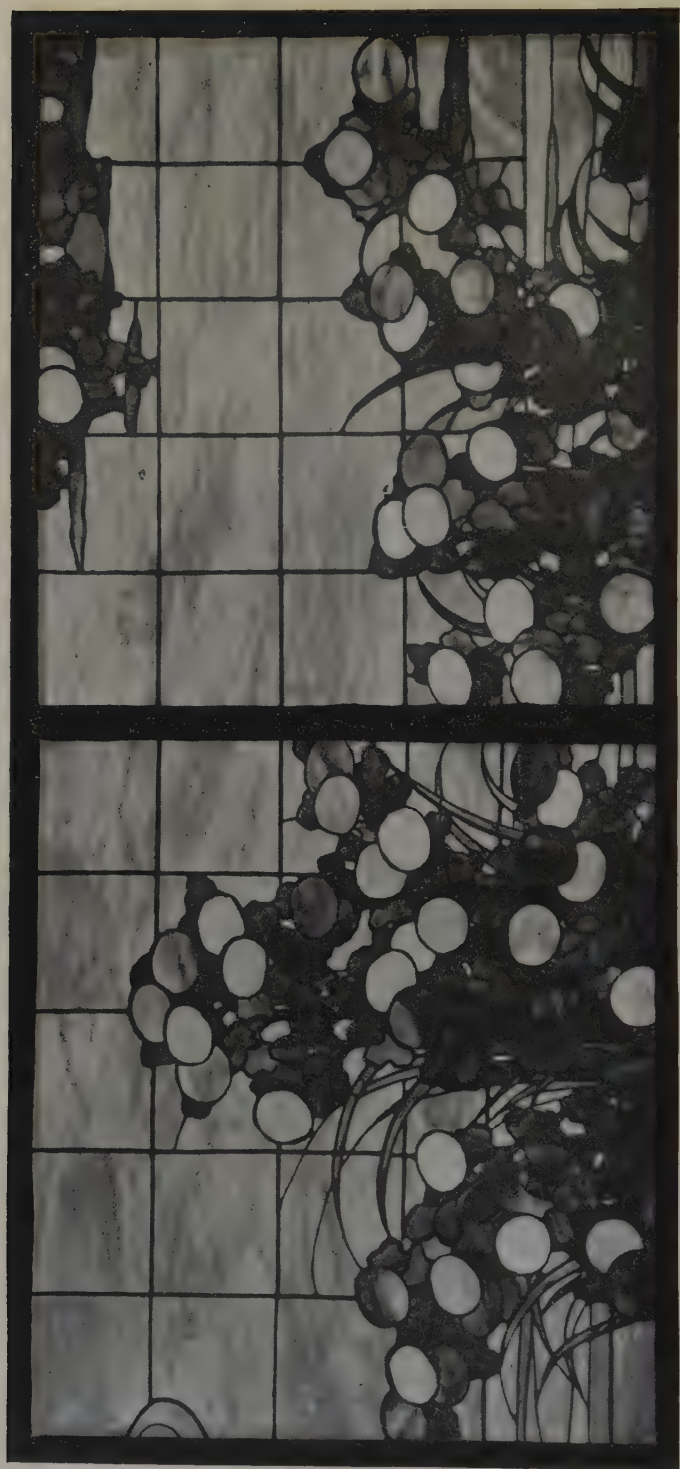
DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

learning the beautiful trade from the bottom up. Then, in 1907, more apprenticeship in Columbus, Ohio, in Pittsburgh, and last, in New York City. This covers the next two years, including a few months in Philadelphia. His work is very varied in all these places. At times we find him doing the lowest apprentice jobs in small shops, where, at least, he can pick up readiness of hand and all manner of practical ideas; again—as in the Gorham Manufacturing Company in New York—he does high-class cutting, colour-selection or glass-painting. Back to Pittsburgh he flies in 1909 and 1910, to practice glass-painting; returning to the Van Gerichten Art Glass Works in Columbus to do glazing and cutting “just for a living.” Last of all, he has drifted again

to St. Louis, where for eight months he is “practicing generally.” Presumably, the seven years and more have satisfied him; for he had vowed not to return home until he had learned all there was to learn if it took him a decade; and now, on the 14th of October, 1911, he sails for Yokohama, carrying in his portfolio copies and original sketches, and in himself undisclosed treasures of technical knowledge and skill and inspiration. This portfolio of his is worth preservation. Ogawa has a very clever touch with water-colour, using it in his copies of windows so as to reproduce the effect of the gorgeous hues, translucency and iridescence of the glass. His own original attempts at design made in this country are wholly individual; the few in which he frankly



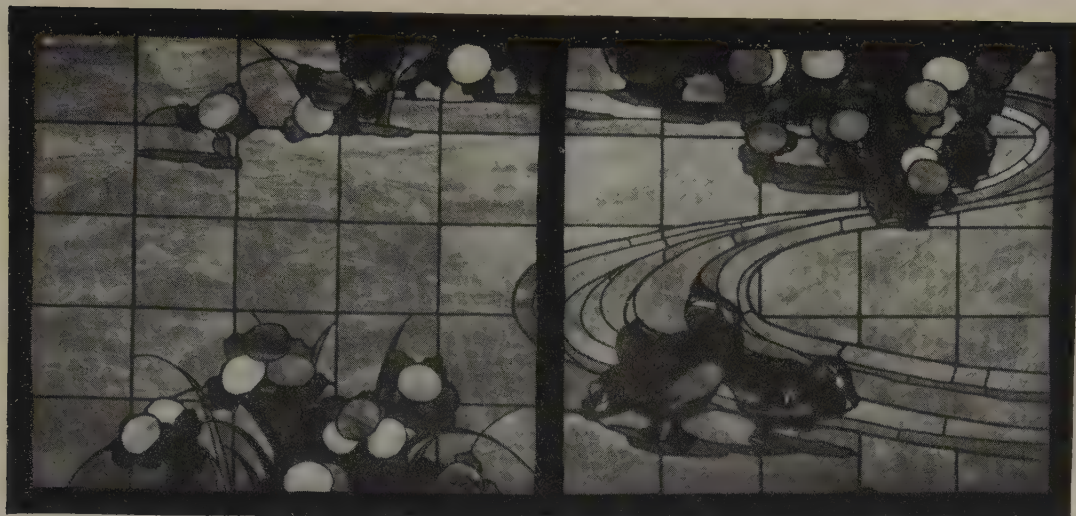


PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA



## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

imitated he has so suffused with racial and personal traits as to remind one of Coppée's lovely paradox: "Qui pourrais-je imiter pour être original?" In one of these latter instances he confessed to having "thought of Rudisuhle." But without thought he has left the mark of Ogawa.

It is difficult for us of the West, to whom stained-glass has been always a familiar form of art, to appreciate the quality of the "new enthusiasm" aroused by a first acquaintance with it in the mind of this æsthetically sensitive and already highly trained Oriental. To attempt to introduce it into his own country would appear to have been somewhat of a risk. Its first introduction there was not, as before intimated, a success. And yet, unfamiliar and exotic—the ancient sort at least—the art of stained-glass has certain affinities, even on its most idiosyncratic side, with the native, unmodified art-works of Japan. Burne-Jones, writing of it, said: "It is a very limited art, and its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity; but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window, whose excellency is more that of architecture to which it may be faithfully subservient."

"Its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity"—might not this have been written of the work of Hokkei, Hashimoto, Gaho, Hiroshige? It matters little that the European

window-makers suffered compulsion from the mechanical requirements of the architecture of the age-mediæval simplicity being a very ornate and gorgeous thing; whereas the simplicity of Japan is almost wholly the result of a national taste compelling the limitations which make the strength of her artists. In Hiroshige, or in that "Post Impressionist" of the seventeenth century—Korin—we find colour, line-composition, all reduced to the lowest terms—"A dream of suggestion, nothing more fixed,—but a suggestion of the Spirit, nothing less noble." (Okakura.) Here we get at the core! Surely it does not matter; the differences count not here; the same spirit works in either case.

But Japan once could be gorgeous and ornate—in the old feudal days. Read Lafcadio Hearn's description of the military trappings of the old Samurai, in his paper on "Jiujutsu"; of Matsudaira Busen-no-Kami, the "War-beetle, all horns and Mandibles and menace despite its dazzlings of jewel-colour."

When we come to observe the stained-glass of Ogawa, we feel at the start a keen curiosity. Here a trained Oriental has with both deliberation and gusto chosen a distinctively Occidental form into which to pour his "criticism" of the World Beautiful. It is, we know in advance, a much more serious thing than any attempt on the part of his countrymen to substitute oil and canvas for water-



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SIDEBOARD PANELS

SANCHI OGAWA

colour and rice paper or silk. There were as many mechanical as artistic problems for him to solve, and on both the artistic and the mechanical sides he would meet with utter newness. Whom shall he "imitate," indeed, in order to be "original"? And will he be found to retain his native, idiomatic originality, while of necessity driven into imitation by the very demands of the form of art he has elected to employ? We should not be fair to Mr. Ogawa did we hesitate to admit that the hall-mark on his stained-glass designs, even though we have here to judge of them without the colour which must add unspeakably to the window effect, is that of Nippon and the Nipponese. This would be less remarkable were we not dealing with an artist who, as indicated above, is pouring very old wine into an entirely new bottle. Almost every technical tradition of the art in which he had been suckled and reared had to be ignored, forgotten, before he could execute, by wholly alien methods, work that can stand with the best of its kind in countries where this particular form of art is indigenous. That it can do so will be acknowledged by any one familiar with unmodified Japanese work, even in the little billiard-room window, where the actual house and

trees, the perspective and the composition, are all decidedly un-Japanese. One may strive long to analyse it in order to lay a pencil-point upon the thing which—I may be allowed the word—orientalizes the tiny landscape. Perhaps only expert critics could do this and perhaps they could not do it. It is nevertheless there, attested by a sign invisible yet plainly sensed. Again, in the exquisite sideboard panel we have only a grapevine with grapes—a universal subject, but in its unaffected treatment we perceive a curious blending of the universal with a special racial touch.

The peacock window, a "glass mosaic," is almost beyond praise or even comment; its beauty is overwhelming, even in black-and-white reproduction; its mere suggestions of colour and colour-harmonies are breath-taking. While marvelling at the singular foreground composition, one asks what the colour of those wonderful roses may be to blend with the peacock hues.

The two staircase windows were designed and executed under the supervision of Ogawa in his studio, where he is training artists in his beloved handicraft. Those who know Ogawa's work well, feel his touch in these beautiful windows, and are impressed with the





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DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

fine artistic stuff he has succeeded in drawing to him. The doors in a Japanese steamship, though executed in the Ogawa studio, were designed by a man in the dockyards at Nagasaki; the sliding-doors for a bathroom of the Imperial Palace, executed by Ogawa himself, were designed by an officer in the Architect's Bureau of the Department of the Imperial Household. A very large window—9 feet wide by 20 high—in the Library of Keio University is the work of Ogawa alone.

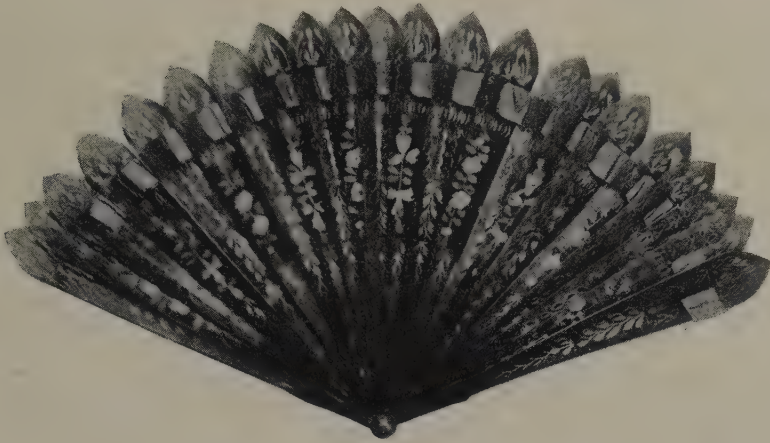
It has been said that few artists, however skilled in the technical demands of painting or drawing, know enough about glass-work to make successful designs for windows. Ogawa, already highly trained in the "bones and brush work," not to mention his gifts of the "spirit," had the wisdom and the patience to perfect himself in all, to the least detail, that goes

to the manufacture of such art-productions. It is quite evident from these specimens of the output of his studio that he is requiring the same thoroughness from his pupils.

This new art for Japan naturally allies itself with the introduction and adaptation of Western Architecture. Born of European mediævalism, and uttering its first lovely messages in terms of religious faith and theological superstition; transplanted to the "New World" and here modified to other than ecclesiastical uses, yet never quite successfully departing from the original formal standard; it is now, in an old world but recently made new and still thrilling with the wonderful renaissance, putting forth fresh fruits from the ancient root. Whatever manner of tree shall result, it is certain to be a growth of unparalleled freedom and beauty.



## *In a Mexican Pawn Shop*



No. 1

### **I**N A MEXICAN PAWN SHOP BY MARY WORRALL HUDSON

IN Mexico it is no disgrace to pawn one's dearest possessions: your watch, your lace handkerchief or your flat-iron. In Monte de Piedad, the National Pawn Shop, in the City of Mexico, one may find anything from jewels to tombstones. There are treasures of art and art monstrosities, embroidered priests' robes, drawn-work altar cloths, fine old goldsmiths' work and silver filagree, rare Chinese vases, Dresden shepherdesses, bronze and marble statuettes and brass candlesticks.

The long glass-covered case that interested me most when I visited Monte de Piedad was filled with antique fans. Mexican Senores and Senoritas, like the women of all Latin countries, are devoted to the fan. It is almost an essential article of miladi's toilette, and she is adept at manipulating it for graceful effect. She does not fan herself so much as she fans her fan, looks over it, blushes behind it, and emphasizes with it the many movements of her shapely hands and arms. She has learned that it is much easier to dispose of these members if they are occupied, especially with so beautiful an object as a fan.

I was strolling along the street in the romantic town of Cuernavaca one day when I saw an elderly woman, with a black lace mantilla over her head, come out of a church near by. My attention was particularly attracted to her

because she carried a fan and I had caught a glint of its rich colour as she folded it and tucked it beneath her lace. I determined to accost her and ask the privilege of examining her fan. "Ah! Madre de Dios!" she exclaimed. "Now I am caught! I know it is wicked to be comfortable in church, but it is so warm today. I took this little fan, and now I meet a stranger! It was the devil that tempted me."

Perhaps it was also the devil that tempted her to accept the price I offered, after she had made several amazing descents in its estimated value to herself. But if the senora of the lace mantilla started out with the express intention of selling her fan to an *extranjero* she accomplished her purpose to the stranger's entire satisfaction. Her fan is shown in No. 1.

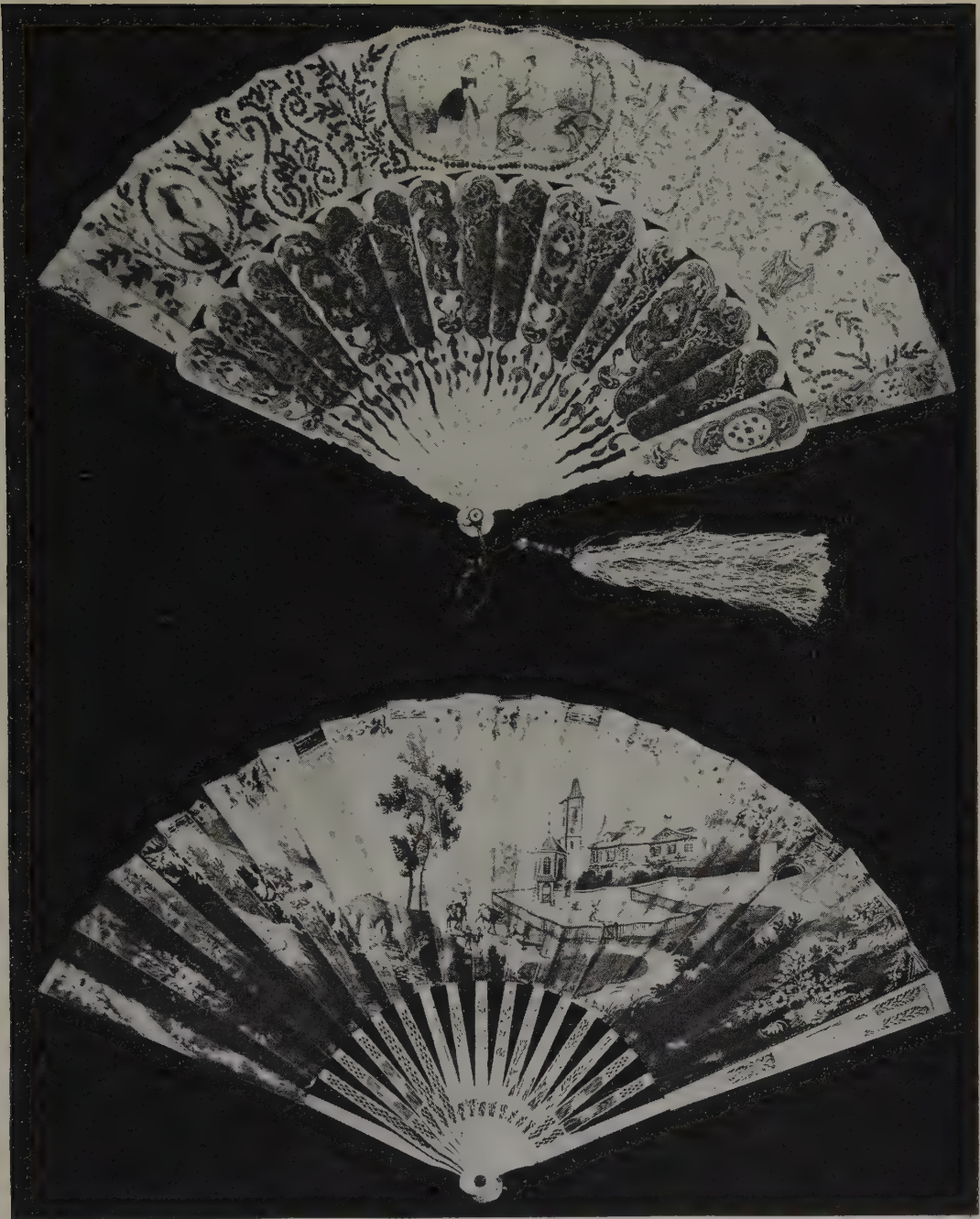
It is made of horn, nine and a half inches in length, about the size that was much in vogue during the Empire, in France, but that was much later than the period of the horn fan. Fan lore says that horn as a material for sticks was used in the time of Henry the Eighth, and that horn fans were carried in that monarch's court. The specimen pictured looks as if it might have been borne by a fair lady even so long ago as that. Every other stick is perforated in its entire length, while the alternate ones have an unbroken space on which to paint the flowers. It is decorated on both sides, as were all antique fans. On one side the flowers are blue and on the other





Nos. 2 and 4





Nos. 3 and 5



## *In a Mexican Pawn Shop*

pink. I asked the lady of the lace mantilla if it were an heirloom, and she said: "O, dear no! I picked it up in the Thieves Market one day when I was in Mexico." "Mexico" always means in Mexico, the City of Mexico.

It has been my ambition to add as many rare fans to my collection as Queen Elizabeth left in her "Inventory," which was twenty-seven. In one of her portraits she is painted with a round feather fan in her hand. The feather fan seems to have been a favourite with portrait painters because of the skill required in showing the texture. But the folding fan, originally introduced from Japan, was the great favourite with ladies, then as now. Its changing form adds to its attractiveness, and the various materials used for the mounts medium upon which artists may display their skill.

A discriminating judge of fans once called attention to the fact that fans decorated with figures, landscapes, flowers and vines were more graceful than those that bore architectural designs, and I have never since wielded, or even looked at, a fan on whose delicate frame were pictured castles and cathedrals without thinking of the remark. Yet some of the rare old fans belonging to the famous collections of Europe show glimpses of massive architecture. Certainly, a fan artist would indicate by a suggestion only such features as towers and turrets. It was the graceful drawing of the Watteau and Le Brun designs that made those artists and others of the same schools so popular.

Nos. 2 and 3 represent the two sides of the same fan, both elaborately ornamented in the style of the best of old Spanish fans.

On the obverse, No. 2, the ivory sticks are almost covered with gold-leaf inlay, in a pattern of baskets of flowers, scrolls and medallions. Connecting these figures is a very delicate vine, perforated in the ivory and remaining white, forming a beautiful contrast to the surrounding gold. The guard-sticks are also inlaid with gold, with designs in small round settings of faceted crystal. The mount is of silk, and the obverse bears three medallions painted in oil. The central one contains three female figures, and the others one each. The spaces between the medallions are cov-

ered with a design worked out in cut steel sequins which have a most brilliant effect when in motion in artificial light. On the reverse, No. 2, the sticks are less elaborately inlaid with gold, and the silk mount is more elaborately painted. Seven figures are gracefully grouped in a garden in the centre, and there are landscape and waterscape glimpses, foliage and flowers. I indulged a hope at the time of purchasing the fan that this painting was signed, but a magnifying glass revealed only a twisted blade of grass.

No. 4 represents a fan made wholly of mother-of-pearl sticks ribboned together. The obverse is beautifully inlaid with gold that is as perfect and as bright as the day it was applied. I can only guess at the date of its manufacture, but it was probably a very old fan when it came into my possession twenty years ago. The sticks of this fan are translucent white pearl, different from the pearl sticks of the lace-mounted fan.

No. 5 is a fan that would be valued in any collection because of the delicacy of the carving of its old ivory sticks. The guard-sticks each show a Grecian figure, one a man and one a woman, in classic costume, gracefully posed against a perforated, vine-like background. The short sticks when slipped near together show a group of two Grecian figures, also a man and a woman, the latter bearing a flag. I have never been able to determine whether the mount is the famous "chicken skin" or not, as I have never seen a specimen of that material to know it, but it is different from all others in my collection. The painting shows a house with surrounding towers and walls and gateways, a stream of water, with hills in the distance, groups of trees, and a man and a dog in the foreground driving two cows, a goat and a sheep. The entire surface of the obverse is covered with the design of this landscape and its framing decorations of flowers and bands. The reverse has a narrow border and a central spray of flowers in gilt. This fan is eight and one-half inches in length and as light as a feather fan because of the thinness of the sticks.

The would-be collector of an article that is at once unique, beautiful, valuable and historically interesting may safely choose the fan.



## *Ghosts: The Exhibition of the New Society*



ELEANOR, JEAN AND ANNA

GEORGE BELLOW'S

### **G**HOSTS: THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG

CRITICISM, by an unimportant painter, of the work of the important ones, is a task so delicate as almost to become indelicate. It may be excused only if the critic begins by pointing out that what he says is lacking wholly in authority and is probably prompted by a Freudian subconscious envy. What I have to say will be merely an expression of my personal reactions. If my comments get a number of very able painters angry enough to examine their own work with a fresh, inquiring eye, it may be of some use to have spoken—even if I am cut dead for the indiscretion of frankness.

To begin with, the Exhibition of the New Society of Artists is a significant affair in the world of art. For the exhibitors, if yesterday's rebels, are today's professional leaders. What, then, in the large, is the essence of this representative show? Ghosts are speaking, it seems to me. Ghosts of France. Shades of Manet, Monet, Cézanne, Renoir and a dozen lesser men lurk cynically on these American walls.

Take Bellows, fairly a leader in American art—a man, in potentiality, at least, great. How about his important canvas? To me it seems to say: "Look at me; admit what a damned able picture I am—fully the equal of Manet." That is the way it hit me; and what a pity, if, as I hope is not the case, I am right. The younger Bellows did a picture called





WINGED VICTORY

GARI MELCHERS



## *Ghosts: The Exhibition of the New Society*

*Forty-three Kids*, or something of the sort. Boys on the beach. Rollicking. A vital young painter's response to surging American boyhood. A little too close to illustration, maybe. But immensely living. When I see the Bellows of the present show, I long for the Bellows who can achieve the enormous capabilities within him of being a great American artist instead of being an almost great French artist. But ghosts hover around him.

I turn to McFee. What power in his brush. Yet is he, I ask, to be congratulated for submerging McFee in the ghost of Cézanne.

Then there is Sterner with his facile brush. But is this an authentic Sterner? I wish he would forget Puvis de Chauvanne.

Speicher? What a disappointment. Speicher knows I mean it when I say that I consider him the biggest portrait painter in this country. Speicher painted the biggest man I have ever known—and painted a portrait commensurate with the man, a portrait not only superb in colour, arrangement, drawing, handling of masses, distinction, earnestness, but a painting that reveals the inner man he painted. But the Speicher of this exhibition is pre-occupied, not in the substance and spirit, but in fourth dimensions, technique, Renoir's palette. Blind though I may be, I cannot but feel convinced that Speicher is off the track. His uncompromising sincerity, his balance will bring him through. But today, somehow, he is shooting at a wrong mark. He is not solely Speicher. Ghosts are meddling with his brush.

I started to say that in Sloan, the illustrator defeats the artist. I was wrong. A second view showed a sort of fine, honest, humble attitude in Sloan's contributions. They smack of nature, not of the studio. They are worth while.

Kroll's large picture is marred by a vision which reaches the edge of the canvas. Nothing is left to the spectator but to marvel at his technique. Kroll has done things of value. What wouldn't I give to be able to paint like Kroll just so that I might never paint so skillful, Renoirish and uninteresting a picture.

Luks strikes a refreshing note. His *Flapper* is one of Fitzgerald's flappers. Luks had his tongue in his cheek when he painted this acute, ironic canvas. But can't a big man like Luks

do something better than obvious satire? Still, I ought not to complain. The picture is a Luks. It's not anybody else.

Melcher's idyllic pictures of maternity—sensitive poetic things—are superseded by a large canvas which evoked the enthusiasm of my unsophisticated companion. When I inquired for the reason of his rapture, I learned that it was the wallpaper. It was painted so that it looked absolutely like real wallpaper, he declared with gusto. It is cruel to mention this. I apologize. But why not try to re-invoke Melcher, the poet?

Frieseke is pallid; he has nothing new to say; a man has got to sing new songs, you know.

I paused at Hassam's shy little early canvas of years ago. What a relief. No trumpets here. No assertion of importance. That is its significance in this forest of terribly important pictures.

Henri's two canvases are irresistibly clever. But he has reduced the thing to a recipe. He says it all immensely well, but what is it that he has to say?

I looked at the water-colours. Those of MacKnight and Lever are a gay, fresh, spontaneous note. Buoyant, alive. MacKnight indeed is one of the vital moments in this show. And I must mention Lever's two oils. Here is a man going his own way. He has taken from France and England what he chose. But he is not a slave of tradition or technique. There is a real personality in his canvases. When he experiments, it is Lever, not Renoir, who mixes the paints.

Separated from all the rest of the painters, quite alone, stands Rockwell Kent. Here is a really large vision, a stripping of things to the bone of the essential. The work of a man who is alive and sensitive, as every painter must be, to the methods of others, but who, none the less, is simply and only and nothing but Rockwell Kent. This insistence on the inviolability of self is, I believe, the final measure of enduring value in all art. Without it, the rest is nothing.

But I have forgotten to mention the sculpture. *Woman*, by LaChaise, though stylized to the nth degree, is a thriller, a superb and great piece of work. Sterne's *Portrait Bust* is a dignified, fine, big thing.



## *The American Exhibition*

And now, how about this exhibition in its totality?

It is always safe for the critic to lug in old Aristotle. So I do not apologize for quoting his declaration that, "Art is the expression of the general through the particular." There is much meat in all that Aristotle says; no finer kernel, though, than this familiar axiom.

The artist must generalize somehow from the life that surrounds him. Apply this to the Renaissance. The Church; the Holy Virgin, Christ, the crucifixion, were a vital glow, and it was from that permeating influence that the artist drew his material and inspiration. On what have the American artists drawn? Upon the Interchurch report of the Steel Corporation or the tragic grandeur of the strife it depicts? I hear the exhibitors scoffing at me. What has art to do with such matters? Nothing, perhaps. Yet it seems to me that American art shrinks from contact with American life. And I wonder whether such an art can be vital. I do not minimize the creative imagination, the pastoral or the lyrical note, the value of fancy or poetic vision. I do not forget that sheer abstraction may be

beautiful; that art is far more than a mere thing of subject matter.

But, none the less, art is not an escape from, but an approach to, life. And this gigantic life of capitalism, of the machine that has become a Frankenstein, has it nothing for art? Vast furnaces with plumes of saffron smoke; naked men sweating at the forge; turbines, motors, engines, power, water-falls, vessels in the harbour, dock-hands, sweat shops, cabarets, midnight follies, politicians, towering buildings lost in steam, crowds on city streets; grain elevators, wharves, battle ships—is there no food in these for art? Yet the American painter turns his back on stuff of such a sort, seeks refuge at Woodstock or Gloucester and buries himself in Cézanne. He is aping, not making tradition. He is in leading strings. He lives in a house of bondage. With what contempt he looks upon the old Hudson River school men who painted every leaf on every tree. Yet they played their own game, it seems to me, and no other game counts.

And where—where is Davies?



### THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION BY EVELYN MARIE STUART

THE present exhibition at the Art Institute is, without doubt, one of the most beautifully arranged shows which Chicago has ever witnessed. But granting that it is well chosen and wonderfully presented, is it an exhibition of American Art? We incline to think otherwise.

One feels that the jury of selection must have been swayed unduly by the rising generation and its inclination toward the new, the smart, and the radical; for while this is a lovely, graceful, vivacious showing, one carries away from it little impression of great thought or intense feeling.

The major prize awards are indicative of the spirit of the occasion, for they have been bestowed upon well constructed but some-

what petty or pretty performances. George Luks's portrait of Otis Skinner, in his costume from "The Honour of the Family," which was awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan medal and purse of \$1,500, though faultless technically, cannot be regarded as a serious work of art. It is even a bit illustrative and would make a most excellent lobby display or poster.

As to the Frieske which won the Potter Palmer prize of \$1,000 and the William R. French Medal of the Art Institute Alumni, it, too, inclines toward the trivial, though exceedingly lovely and scientifically handled.

Other notable portraits and figure pieces, which might have merited consideration, are Louis Betts' portrait of James B. Forgan; Oliver Dennett Grover's portrait of John C. Johansen; Louise Lyon Heustis' canvas entitled *A Peaceful Old Age*, and Charles Hopkins' portrait of Dr. Watson.





OTIS SKINNER IN  
THE HONOUR OF THE FAMILY

G. B.  
LUKS





NIGHT—AN  
ABSTRACTION

C. R. W.  
NEVINSON





CORNISH LANDSCAPE

C. R. W. NEVINSON

## WORDS . . . WORDS AN EDITORIAL

OF the innumerable exhibitions which I visited this month, the one which made most impression was that of C. R. W. Nevinson at the Bourgeois Galleries. Having seen Nevinson's exhibition in London last winter, and knowing that the finest paintings there shown have been sold, I entered the Bourgeois Galleries with some misgivings. I was afraid that, like so many European painters, he was bringing over only the sweepings for American consumption. Happily, my fears were unfounded. Many indeed of the pictures which had given me most pleasure a year ago are here missing, but others have taken their place and the addition of earlier works makes the exhibition even more representative of Nevinson's development.

Like most modern artists, Nevinson started out with a great many beliefs and disbeliefs. His Chronology, which appears, helpfully, in

the first pages of his catalogue, tells us that his first picture to be shown (at the Friday Club in 1911) was painted while under the spell of Monet. In the same year he appears in Paris as a Neo-Primitive. A year later he sees life through the eyes of Cézanne. In 1913 he is a Futurist. In 1914 a soldier. And in 1916, I am tempted to say, an artist. For, as Nevinson himself preaches in these days of comparative wisdom, art commences where labels, and all the self-consciousness that labels imply, end. What then is Nevinson's creed today? That too is printed in the catalogue. It begins: "I wish to be dis-associated from every possible clique, school, ist, ism. . . . I aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital magnetic force, in which "Beauty" or "Ugliness" is subordinated. . . . Technique, accomplishment, and again accomplishment, I aim at, so that they may become second nature. . . ."

Sane, almost trite, but what follows is startling in the mouth of a young, fire-eating modern, at once Impressionist, Neo-Primitive, Futurist, and none of the three.





NEW YORK

C. R. W. NEVINSON

"Originality is and always has been unknown in art. So-called originality is a result of the influences of contemporary art and a tradition of the past, plus individual shortcomings, tastes, selections and reactions."

Of course I have quoted the mild, explanatory passages; there are others drafted with intent to alarm. That is Nevinson's way. It is typical of him that he has chosen to crown his exhibition with the portrait of a madman, so that, as he explained to me, he can point it out to any more than usually tiresome visitor as his masterpiece. Yet there is history back of that horrible *Madman*. For months during the War Nevinson was in charge of a ward of lunatics, of whom that hideous dribbling head was the leading light. So with

Nevinson's other contortions. It is his delight to hide his essential sanity under a mask of madness.

Nevinson's exhibition is interesting not only for itself, but also for the answer which it gives to those doubters who ask: "But is there any meaning in Futurism?" Futurism and all the other isms are merely the stressing of some formal element that has been in the great art of all time, but had come temporarily to be neglected. In Nevinson's work is depicted the passage through the isms to art. In the three illustrations traces of the old influences may be noticed, but in each the influence is subordinated to design, is merged in treatment. There are futuristic influences in *Night* and *New York*, but the subject is no longer treated



## Words

as an essay in futurist design. They are New York. Still less can *Hampstead Heath* be attributed to any one influence. It is "'Appy 'Ampstead," the cockney lovers' Paradise.

This pagan picture was the outstanding feature of the last London exhibition and was there sold. I had wished to reproduce it here, both for its own intrinsic excellence and because it provides the key to that extremely unpleasant canvas, *The Lovers*, but my stenographer was shocked. *The Lovers* was the first to be painted, and represents the couple in the foreground of "Hampstead Heath" almost life-size, with the wooded background almost shut out. Nevinson was dissatisfied with this, and so came to paint *Hampstead Heath*. *Hampstead Heath* is a pagan idyll. The intentional brutality in the painting of the loving couples is justified in the treatment of the landscape. A tinge of brutality was necessary to save it from over-sweetness. But in *The Lovers* the brutality is unrelieved, indeed the horrible doubt crosses one's mind whether it is really brutal. The figures are too limp.

This tinge of brutality is in many ways one of Nevinson's most valuable characteristics. It lends firmness to his line. His pictures never lack form. Look at the road in *Cornish Landscape*, or the Elevated track in *New York*. Quite dissimilar, there is in each the same brutal strength which lends to the former its significance, and to the later that feeling of terror which many of Nevinson's pictures inspire. Yet for all his brutality Nevinson is seldom cruel. If he laughs somewhat loudly in the *Portrait of a Modern Actress*, it is only in *Success*, that extraordinary picture of the couple in their opera box, that his cruelty really hurts.

In *Pan* and *Night* it is interesting to notice how, without softening the hard contours, he can by a balance of lights achieve an almost lyrical note.

It is these last two pictures and the *Cornish Landscape* that, it seems to me, point the road down which Nevinson is progressing. Already he has command of form and light. Ideas he has in plenty. It requires only a richer palette and perhaps a richer, more mellow mind, to transform his exhibitions from a stimulating to a satisfying experience.

The Exhibition of Modern American Etchings at the Montross Galleries introduced me to several men whom I had known only as painters. Hayley Lever showed several Gloucester Prints. He is feeling his way at present, but at least he does not overcrowd. Eugene Higgins is either a genius or . . . I want to see more. One of his farm scenes is excellent. Hayes Miller seems always to be not quite. And, of course, Arthur B. Davies. Spend an hour before one of his later etchings (how long has he been etching?) and you will know something about design. But of course Davies must have a number to himself. That is a promise.

The Touchstone Gallery deserves a visit. Here the great men are seen in their lighter moods, throwing off little pencil sketches. One sometimes wishes they would paint as they sketch. The portrait by Helen Peale, reproduced on page LXVIII is an excellent example of what is being done by those not in the limelight. Miss Peale's work is tending towards the elimination of the inessential. Drawing is giving place to modelling, representation to expression.

THE following books have been sent me for review, unfortunately too late for inclusion in the present issue:

ENGLISH PAGEANTRY. An Historical Outline. Vol. II. By Robert Withington. Harvard University Press.

THE MEDALLIC PORTRAITS OF CHRIST. By G. F. Hill. Oxford. The Clarendon Press. Three lectures: The Medallion Portraits of Christ; The False Shekels; The Thirty Pieces of Silver.

WALTER GAY. PAINTINGS OF FRENCH INTERIORS. Critical essay by A. E. Gallatin. Edition limited to 950 copies. E. P. Dutton & Co.

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME. Vol. III. New York. University Press Association.

BOOK PLATES BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R. A. J. B. Lippincott Co. See Review page 163.

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE. By Guy Dickins, M.A., with a Preface by Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press.





RATAN DEVI

HELEN PEALE



THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ.  
RÉSUMÉ OF A LECTURE BY DON  
AURELIANO DE BERUETE.

LAST spring Don Aureliano de Beruete y Moret, Director of the Prado Museum, Madrid, delivered at the "Ateneo" there a remarkable lecture on "The Palette of Velasquez." This discourse having revealed certain "discoveries" of the highest interest respecting the technique of the immortal artist, I asked the lecturer to be good enough to allow me to offer a *résumé* of it to the readers of THE STUDIO, and I have now to thank the eminent art writer very warmly for his courtesy in putting at my disposal the notes and the MS. he used at the lecture, and thus enabling me to present it as a *primeur*, since it has not yet appeared in print.

The lecturer's aim, as he announced, was not to offer fresh criticisms on the work of the illustrious Spaniard, but rather to make a close examination of the *grisailles*, the delicate tonalities which form one of his most marked characteristics, and particularly to study the means whereby he succeeded in forming what one may term his "palette."

First came a brief but very profound consideration of the artist's development and of the *milieu* in which it came into being. At thirteen Velasquez was studying with Herrera; but they soon parted, in consequence of the diversity of their natures; and in the following year we find Velasquez in the *atelier* of Pacheco, who, while exercising no strong influence over him, yet served admirably as his guide and protector; moreover, he introduced him at Court after Velasquez had become his son-in-law. In Spain at that time—the beginning of the seventeenth century—there was prevalent in all directions a very strongly marked Italian influence; but, especially in the matter of painting, this "renaissance" was more theoretical than practical. A work by Velasquez dated 1617—he being eighteen at the time—the *Adoration of the Magi* shows signs of this Italian influence in its composition, this influence being mixed, it is true, with something of the Flemish; yet in point of

structure the painting clearly reveals a sobriety that is all Spanish.

This picture serves Señor de Beruete in a sense as a starting point. Its earthy tints and its use of bitumen point to an evolution in technique which, little by little, was destined to lead, by way of golden tones, and then of dark greys, to the light greys seen later.

Bitumen, which, with its strong, *immediate* effect, and then its formidable blackness, was a characteristic of Ribera and of Zurbarán, and finally of Velasquez in his first period, had never been used in Spain until the seventeenth century. In this *Adoration* Velasquez used it to excess; but, clearly realising its terribly blackening results, henceforth substituted bone black (*noir d'os*).

In 1623 Velasquez was appointed painter to the king, and held the post until his death. That year he did three portraits of him, the best, according to the lecturer, being that representing his Majesty full-face, standing, and plainly dressed in black. This portrait meant a giant stride in the art of the Spanish School. It is entirely free from Venetian or Flemish influence, discards all richness of colouring, and, on the other hand, reveals, for the first time, that silvered note which was later to become one of his chief characteristics. But the evolution of Velasquez's palette, far from being sudden, came about almost insensibly. Of the same period as this portrait of the King is that of the Infante Don Carlos, much less delicate in tone; and shortly afterwards the artist created the work which in some respects constitutes the synthesis of his "first manner," namely, *The Drunkards*. Although of the same impulse as the *Adoration*, this last-named production is far more transparent in colour. And here ends the "first period" of the artist—still very black, or rather *darkened* by the use of bitumen, but still a period which must be regarded as marking the earliest steps of the renaissance in Spain.

The travels of Velasquez in Italy did not bring about any radical change. On the contrary, his *Vulcan's Forge* proves how great is the difference between his solid





"VIEW IN THE GARDEN  
OF THE VILLA MEDICI  
ROME." BY VELASQUEZ  
(Prado, Madrid.—Photo  
Anderson, Rome)

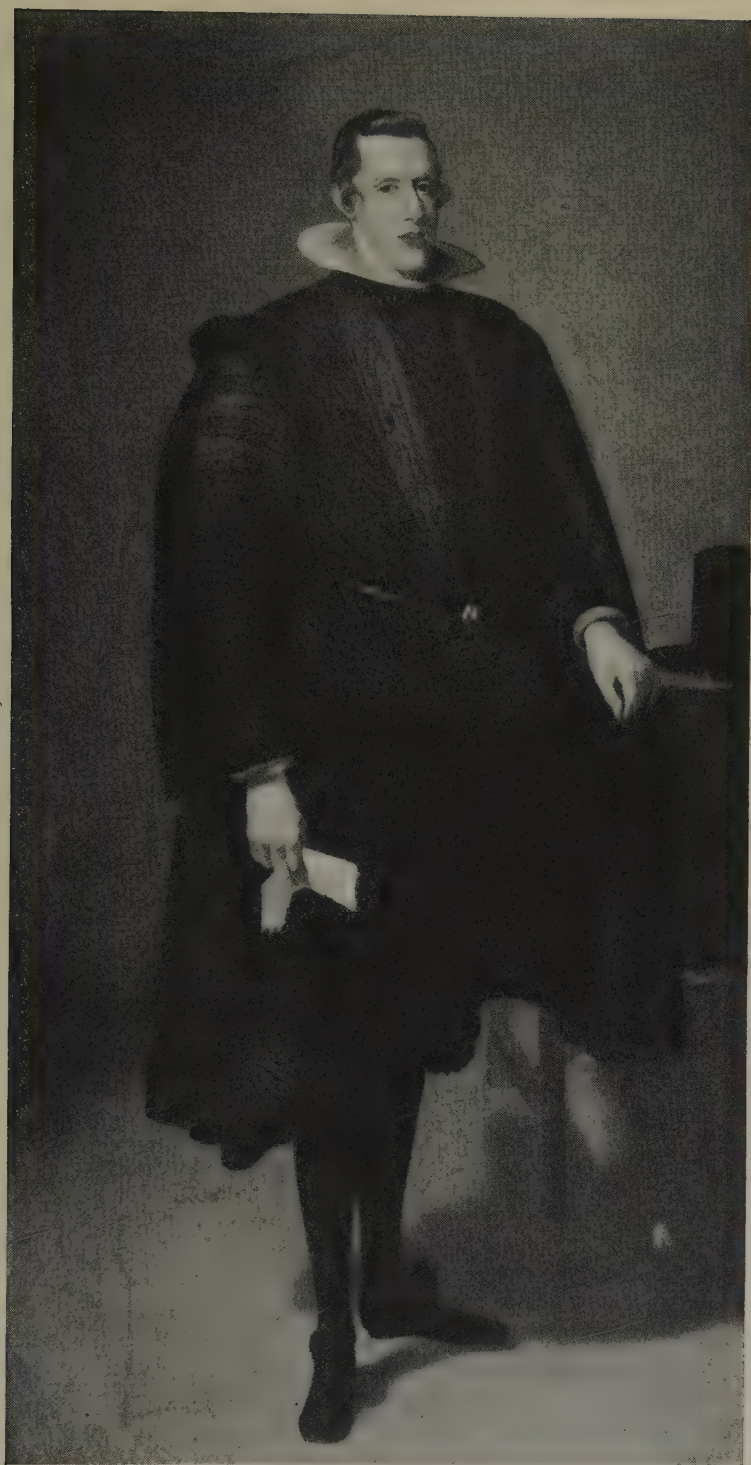
realism—realism and nothing else—and the Italian ideal. But Velasquez brought back from Italy two small pictures, apparently of no great importance, yet in reality of transcendent quality: the two little landscapes of the Villa Médicis, so luminous, so vibrating as to show them to be the origin of the most modern interpretations of light and *plein air*.      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦

Thenceforth the technical advance of Velasquez was very rapid, tending ever towards *simplification*, and, at the same time, the artist, it would seem, was making his way along two well-marked routes: on the one his chief preoccupation was colour;

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on the other he was mainly concerned with solidity of form; and eventually the two courses met in his master-work, *Las Meniñas* ("The Maids of Honour.")      ♦

Characteristic of these tendencies is the portrait of the sculptor Martínez Montañés, done on a ground-work not merely grey but even whitish, overlaid with touches of bone black. And in Señor de Beruete's opinion the hand in this portrait is one of the most real bits of Velasquez in existence, serving as the proof, the sign, the personal *cachet* of the painter in the midst of the entire Spanish School. To the same period belong *The Lances* (better known out of



PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV  
OF SPAIN. BY VELASQUEZ  
(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)



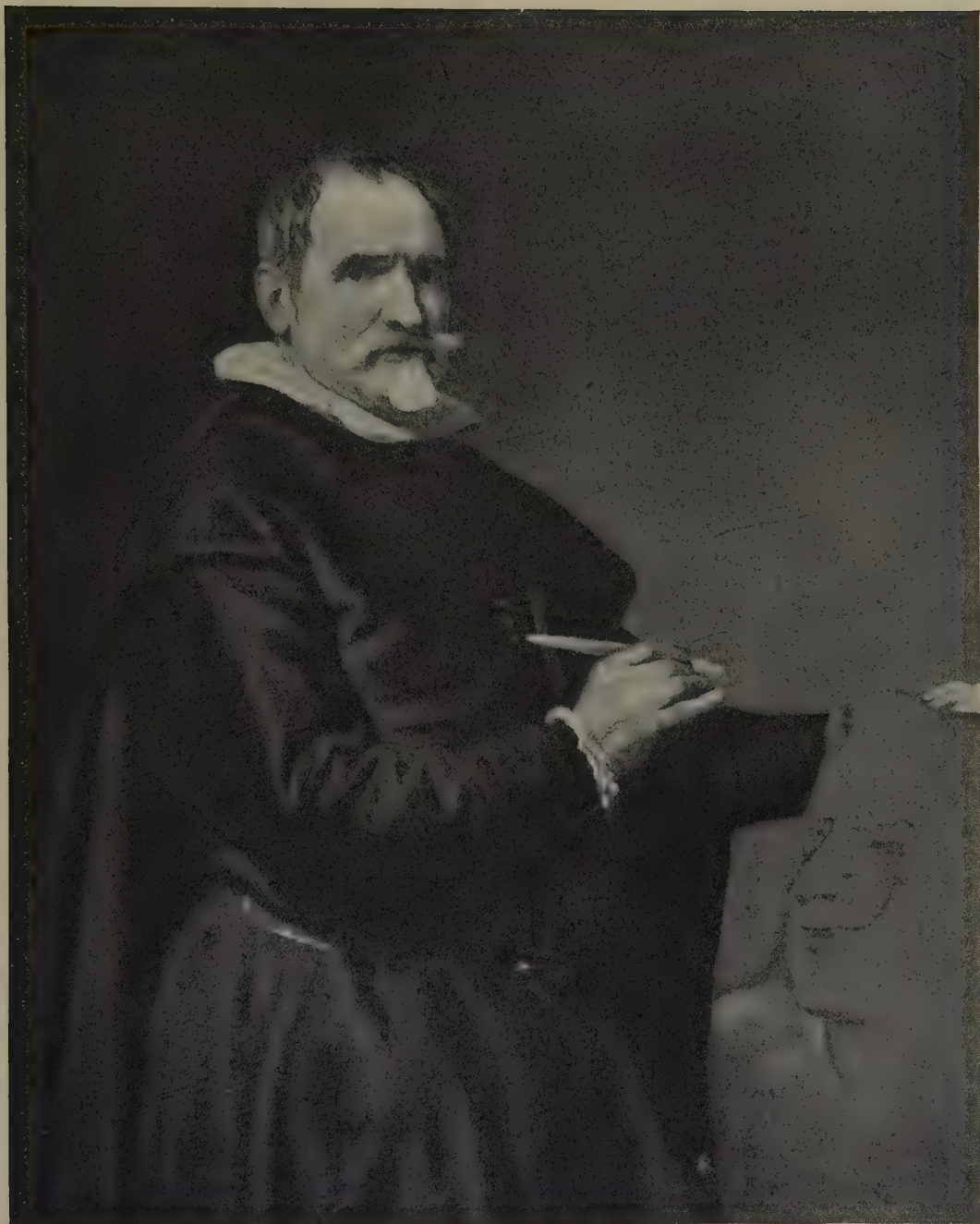


"VIEW IN THE GARDEN  
OF THE VILLA MEDICI  
ROME." BY VELASQUEZ  
(Prado, Madrid—Photo  
Anderson, Rome)

Spain under the title of the *Surrender of Breda*), and the equestrian portraits, the *finest* of all the artist's works. Here, truly, the Velasquez palette proclaims itself, all the bitumen, all the opaque black having disappeared, their place taken by bone black or deep brown. The well-calculated employment of these, in alliance with white, in the flesh painting constitute the secret that some have found in this marvellous palette—the secret to which the calcination of ochres, heightened in colour so as to produce golds of an inimitable reddishness, also contributes. Light brown, calcined ochres and cobalt—those are the essentials

of the open-air backgrounds *invented* by Velasquez and realised by him with rare sobriety.      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦

In the portraits of hunters, as in the equestrian pictures and the *Lances*, the backgrounds are copied from certain places around Madrid, with its transparent atmosphere so daintily silvered. Thus Velasquez was purely a realist when he took landscapes for his models. The portrait of the King in hunting dress, dated about 1635, is less luminous, precisely for the reason that the landscape is not so true to nature as usual. This is due to the fact that the artist, in order to give special prominence



PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR  
MARTINEZ MONTANES. BY  
VELASQUEZ.

(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)



## THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ

to the head, darkened the ground-work of the picture with earthy tones. This portrait further serves, like the equestrian portrait of the same model, to demonstrate the scrupulous conscientiousness of the painter, who did not hesitate to make elaborate corrections when he judged them to be necessary. In some places these emendations have gradually become visible. The equestrian portrait of *The Infante Balthasar Carlos*—the best of this series—denotes the artist's complete control of his "second manner." Its ground is of a pale but warm gold, on which the painter has worked with an almost liquid lightness. The tones here employed are very few in number: cobalt blue, which, mixed with yellow, gives the green required, bone black—a few touches only—and, for the head, calcined ochres and burnt sienna. This picture is one of the most typical in all Spanish painting, since, by the use of ochres, the artist has soberly attained a richness of effect much greater than that achieved by the Italians. The head of the Prince is more simplified than any in the Prado, and Señor de Beruete, after analysing it closely, remarks, by way of conclusion, "qu'on ne peut faire plus avec moins." ■ ■ ■

The *Surrender of Breda*, which one must regard as the most important work of this "second period," offers scope for certain observations throwing light on the magnificent qualities peculiar to its author, also on others which were not so personal to him. Preoccupied by his composition, he shows less spontaneity and less of that restraint which are so remarkable in the other works of Velasquez. He never *composed*; and it would be an error to apply that term to the prodigious skill with which he *placed* his figures apart. The *Spinsters* (*Las Hilanderas*) and the *Meniñas* are, it is true, admirably composed, but the composition in them presented itself to the artist, which was not the case with the setting of the *Lances*. Here Señor de Beruete, in a long parenthesis, speaks of the influence of El Greco on Velasquez—an influence which in no way lessened the artist's strict realism, but which, at this precise moment of his career enriched his palette with a range of greys and carmines and yellows befitting Theotocopuli (El Greco) himself.

The influence of El Greco on Velasquez shows itself in pronounced fashion solely in his portrait of the Comte de Benavente, whose armour, in every detail of its technique recalls the armour of the Comte d'Orgaz. In the *Lances* this influence, though not very apparent at the first glance, reveals itself nevertheless in something there is—who shall say what?—about the composition; and in this connection Señor de Beruete observes that about this period El Greco alone at first, then Velasquez, and afterwards Rembrandt, knew how to evade the "patron" in their scenes containing a large number of figures. Highly important, too, in this "second period" of Velasquez are his quite small pictures (like the *Boar Hunt* in the London National Gallery), which, from their sober dignity and the lively characterisation of their subjects, might well have been of much larger dimensions. Some years later Velasquez paid special attention to colour, and then it was he painted the portrait of Innocent X. in the Doria Gallery, Rome, and the *Venus with the Mirror* now in London. The portrait of the Pope, of which nothing remains to be said in the way of praise, once more proves the realism of the artist, whose palette had assumed a brighter hue in more brilliant surroundings. And the *Venus*, which is simply a magnificent and very exact portrait of a nude woman, tells plainly enough, by its difference in composition from all the mythological pictures of the foreign Schools, that the characteristic of Velasquez was *direct observation of the moment*. But the *Spinsters*, so luminously coloured, must be pronounced the master work of the artist while indulging this colour tendency. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The *Meniñas*, produced during the artist's last decade, is without doubt the synthesis of his entire output; moreover, it presents the extraordinary singularity of bearing no resemblance whatsoever to any other work, while being the perfect representation of an originality which continued its progress throughout the productions of its author. Its other distinguishing mark is its incomparable certainty, the impression it gives of having been painted *straight off*. In the course of a minute analysis of its technique, Señor de Beruete very justly



PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTE  
BALTHASAR CARLOS  
BY VELASQUEZ

(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)





**"LAS MENINAS" (THE MAIDS  
OF HONOUR). BY VELASQUEZ**  
(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)

compares the fluidity of the atmosphere in this picture with that seen in the canvases of Rembrandt ; and his comparison ends in favour of the Spanish master.

This picture of the *Meniñas* affords, furthermore, one's best means of becoming acquainted with the artist's method of painting. The use of the dark mirror is evident here ; for without it Velasquez could never have made so *true* that darkening of the background which serves to make the foreground scene so luminous. The canvas was completely prepared with a very liquid bone black, showing quite distinctly in certain places ; then the colours, all very fluid, mixed with oil or terebenthine, form the masses by melting, and never detaching, them. The isolated touches, so typical of Velasquez, are here very few, serving only to give just the right note of relief here and there. The tones employed are those that were always the artist's favourites : white, ivory black, bone black, light ochre, burnt sienna, *terre de Séville*, and carmine. The greens are made sometimes with cobalt, black and ochre, at others with blue and calcined ochre. The extraordinary lightness of the work is not broken by correction of any sort, for here Velasquez had nothing to alter ; when any part failed to satisfy him he preferred to do it all over again. Thus everything in this picture is perfect—everything save just one thing, the disproportion between the smallness of the "palette" here used by Velasquez and the importance of the work on hand. But the colours seen therein are indeed those *discovered* in this study by Señor de Beruete, and they confirm the declarations made by the lecturer in his discourse on "The Palette of Velasquez." — MARGARITA NELKEN.

Five years ago a Special Number of THE STUDIO was issued entitled "London Past and Present." Within the next few days a companion volume, "Londoners Then and Now as pictured by their Contemporaries," will be published which will deal with the various phases and aspects of London Life at different periods during the last two centuries. A selection of old pictures and prints will show how Londoners deported themselves in the past ; while the London of to-day will be presented by living artists.

## THE REVIVAL OF ATHLETIC SCULPTURE: DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE'S WORK.

ON the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm, where the Olympic Games of 1912 were held, is a large bronze relief, the work of the Canadian doctor and sculp-



"THE AVIATOR." MEMORIAL STATUE TO LIEUT. NORTON DOWNS, R.F.C., BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE



## ATHLETIC SCULPTURE

tor R. Tait McKenzie. It represents three hurdlers. Side by side they fly the hurdles with their long clean limbs outstretched, and eager, clear cut faces, each one straining for the mastery. Underneath them are the words "The joy of effort." In this relief and its title we have the keynote of Tait McKenzie's work. The joy of effort inspires his work and gives to it the freshness and vitality of perpetual youth: to this joy he owes his own success in many spheres. ■ ■ ■

Certainly nothing else can explain his productiveness and versatility and the high standard of all his works. Some sixty of these were recently exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. There were bronze statuettes and groups, mostly of athletic subjects, high reliefs, low reliefs, models and portrait plaques. Among works inspired by the war we may notice the charming figure of a young soldier ready to go on leave, entitled *Blighty*, and the portrait-statues of *Guy Drummond* and the aviator

*Norton Downs*, two of the many who gave their lives for the Mother Country. Most original of all is the model panel for an altar in memory of Captain McCall, where the sculptor has dared—and dared successfully—to array St. Michael and St. George in the uniforms of a French Poilu and a British Tommy. Photographs represented his life-size statues of *the youthful Franklin* and *George Whitefield*, which stand now in the grounds of the University of Pennsylvania. ■ ■ ■

Surely there is enough work here for one man's lifetime. Yet art has been for Tait McKenzie the recreation of his leisure. Born in 1867 he was educated for the medical profession at McGill University and practised as a doctor, holding various medical appointments at the University till 1904, when he was chosen to occupy the newly founded chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, a position that he has held ever since. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

It is impossible within the limits of this



"THE ONSLAUGHT." BY  
R. TAIT MACKENZIE



"THE FLYING SPHERE (SHOT PÜTTER)"  
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

article to deal adequately with such variety of work. I must confine myself to the most characteristic aspect of Tait McKenzie's art, his revival of athletic sculpture. It has been well said that without Greek athletics Greek art is inconceivable. It was through daily observation of youthful athletes in the gymnasia and stadia that the Greek sculptor of the fifth century acquired his consummate skill in modelling the human figure. Similarly it is probable that but for American athletics Tait McKenzie would never have

discovered his gift of sculpture, and no modern sculptor has approached so nearly to the athletic art of the Greeks.

Drawing and painting had been his recreation from boyhood, but till 1902 he had never attempted to model anything. At this time he was deeply interested in the study of the influence of athletic training. In order to discover the physical proportions of the typical runner he had measurements made of some hundred sprinters. These results he wished to see embodied in a typical figure, and as no



## ATHLETIC SCULPTURE



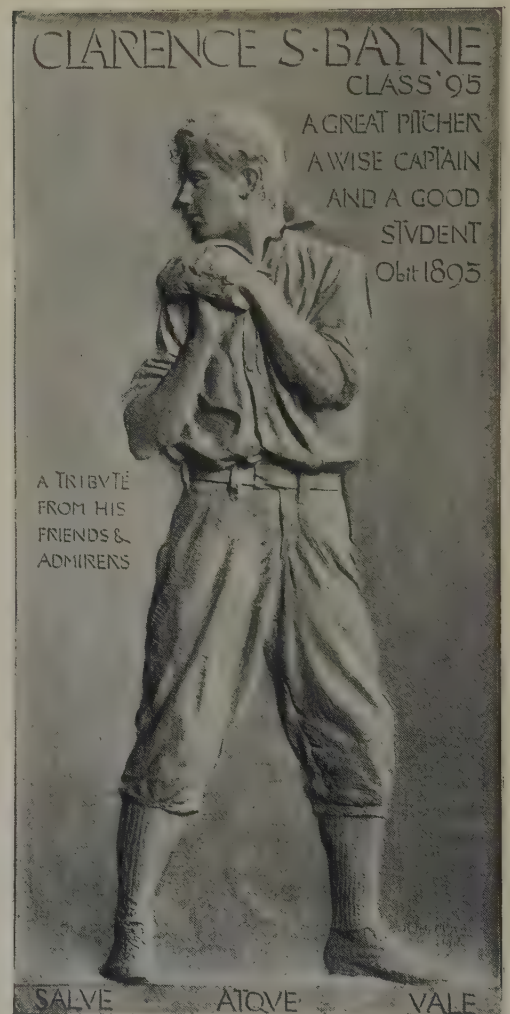
GEORGE WHITEFIELD MEMORIAL  
STATUE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.  
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

sculptor would undertake the task, with characteristic energy he set to work to model such a figure himself, and after many attempts he produced his *Sprinter*.

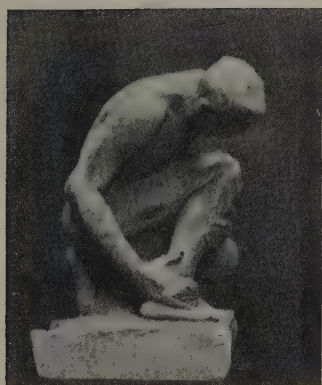
A very mechanical way it seems of producing a statue. Yes: but after all it was thus that the Greek sculptor consciously or unconsciously worked. Certainly there is nothing mechanical about the *Sprinter*. Crouching with his hands on the ground in readiness for the start, he is the embodiment of alertness and activity. As the Greek epigrammatist wrote of Myron's Ladas "Surely the bronze will leap towards the crown." The next year he produced the *College Athlete*, another study in proportion, based on the average measurements of 400 picked athletes. In an exhibition of sports and pastimes at the Whitechapel Art Gallery I showed a photograph of this statue side by side with one of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos, the

so-called "Canon," in which the Greek artist embodied his ideal of physical proportion. The Greek figure is somewhat shorter, thicker and more heavily built, for such was the type of athlete that prevailed at Argos. But in spite of differences due to nationality there are striking resemblances between the two figures. Both are realistic in that they are the result of conscious study. But the realism is informed by idealism, and it is this that makes Tait McKenzie's work so near akin to that of the Greeks.

His appointment to the Professorship of

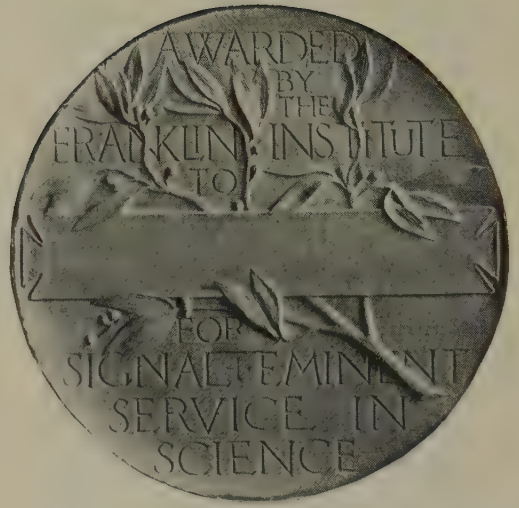
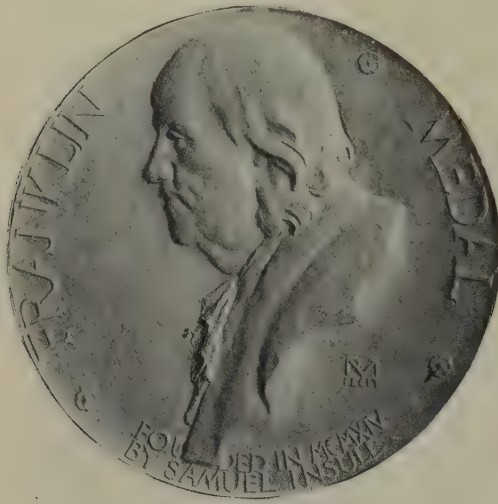


THE BAYNE MEMORIAL PLAQUE  
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA  
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE



"THE SHOT PUTTER," "THE  
 PLUNGER," "THE TACKLE"  
 "THE INJURED ATHLETE"  
 BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE





THE FRANKLIN MEDAL, FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA. BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

Physical Education gave him opportunities for observing athletic youth under conditions hardly less favourable than those that the Greek sculptor enjoyed. So far his object had been to represent the proportions of the ideal athlete. Now he set himself to portray the ideal athlete in action. Every position, every movement represented was to be ideally correct, for in the perfect action of the perfectly developed athlete would be found the supreme grace of human movement. How far he succeeded may be judged from such delightful little figures as the *Plunger*.

His finest representation of the athlete in action in my opinion is his *Flying Sphere*. It should be studied together with *The Shot Putter*. In the latter the athlete is preparing for the final effort, his body drawn back, his muscles contracted, his face set, the line of the arms showing the direction of the throw. In the *Flying Sphere* the shot is already sped upon its way, and he gazes after it with a look of happy expectation. The body extended to its utmost seems as if it would follow it in its flight, but that it is held back to earth by the straining muscles of the supporting leg. The composition is superb, the long delicate curve of the body and the short reversed curve of the open hand beautifully suggesting the curved flight of the shot.

Tait McKenzie has not confined himself to single figures. In his *Onslaught* he tries to depict the spirit of American football. The central figure who holds the ball is being forced by his fellows through and over the ranks of his opponents. It is difficult for one unversed in the laws of the game to grasp the multiplicity of detail. In reality every figure has his own work to do. Our illustration shows only the back view, but seen from the front the impression produced is that of a curling wave about to break.

Tait McKenzie's intimate knowledge of the nude influences all his work. Whatever the garb, he is always conscious of the human shape beneath. But with his other works I have no space to deal. Here I would only emphasise the immense service that he has rendered to art by his revival of athletic sculpture. The modern sculptor, confined too often to ill-developed models, knows little of the beauties of the human body and its movements. Tait McKenzie shows him where to learn. In the playing fields of our schools and universities he will find models no whit inferior to those of the Greeks and a variety of motives of which they knew nothing.

E. NORMAN GARDINER,  
(Author of "Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals.")

# SOME PICTURES BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

IT is as an artist whose joy lies in mystic mythology and all things pertaining to Celtic life and lore, that John Duncan, A.R.S.A., takes a leading place among living painters. Fully to appreciate his art, one must be old, yet young; old in the knowledge of the ways of men who were intimates of the hills and the wind and the waves, and young enough to believe in a fairyland to-day. To him, I do not think the past seems very vast or far away. And he is perhaps the one artist in the North to whom Ossian, Carril and Ullin and all the heroes that are no more are still living forces.

A native of Dundee, Mr. Duncan, after a few years' study in London and Düsseldorf, ultimately settled in Edinburgh, where he soon became enchanted by the glamour of the Gael, as perhaps most alluringly described in the works of Fiona McLeod. It was in Edinburgh, too, that he became closely associated with the similarly enthusiastic Professor Patrick Geddes, whose northern seasonal "The Evergreen," published in 1895, contains some most charming illustrations by Mr. Duncan. Amongst a few that recur to memory, those entitled *Outfaring*, *Apollo's Schooldays*, and *Jehanne d'Arc et sa Garde Ecossaise*, all suggest that he, like Jeanne, was inspired by visionary voices. It was about that time, too, that he executed several mural paintings in connection with various schemes of Professor Geddes, amongst the later outstanding ones being those inspired by the legendary history of Scotland in the University Hall, Edinburgh, and some in America. Duncan spent two years in America as associate professor of the teaching of Art in the University of Chicago, and after his return to Edinburgh in 1904, various church decorations claimed his attention.

In succeeding years the wonderland of the inner and outer western isles of Scotland has been, with Edinburgh, his artistic homeland. Fascinated by the still living story of those enchanted isles he becomes one with his subjects, and some Beltane night it would not be surprising to find him aureoled with the fairy dew,

riding off with the Sidhe on their elfish missions. Various are the stories told of these fairy folk, and various, too, are the beliefs in their good and bad influence. They dwell, some will tell you, within the hills or in the underworld and are never to be seen on a moonless night, or at the rising of the moon or when the dew is falling, and it is not a hard thing for the most practical of mortals to believe in them should they be so fortunate as to



"CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA." BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.





"THE RIDERS OF THE SIDHE"  
BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.  
(The property of the Dundee Corporation)



"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA." FROM THE OIL  
PAINTING BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.  
(IN THE POSSESSION OF J. KENT RICHARDSON, ESQ.)









"FIONN." BY JOHN  
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

spend a May eve, or Halloween on Iona, Eriskay or even the more southerly island of Arran. In his picture, *The Riders of the Sidhe*, Mr. Duncan has represented them setting forth on a Beltane eve in a kind of ritualistic procession, carrying symbols of their faith and power, and at their good pleasure dowering mortals with spiritual gifts. The symbols are those of age-long Celtic tradition. The first rider in the procession carries the symbol of intelligence, the tree of life and of the knowledge of good and evil, the second the cup of the heart of abundance and healing, the third the sword of the will on its active side,

and the fourth the crystal of the will on its passive side.      ♠      ♠      ♠      ♠

Turning from his riders with their earnestness of purpose to the picture of *The Queen of Sheba* one is sensible of the same mental atmosphere. From Jewish tradition we learn of King Solomon's wide-spread reputation and how from all the kings of the earth there came of all people to hear his wisdom, and amongst them we find the Queen of Sheba, who has come from her home in Southern Arabia to propound in person her own riddles. From the Midrash or commentary on proverbs, which contains a list of her





"ALCESTIS." BY JOHN  
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

questions, we know that she was quite able to cope in wisdom with the Hebrew monarch. There is an interesting little Arab story which relates that when Solomon was informed of the Queen's coming visit envious demons whispered to him that she had hairy legs and the feet of an ass, and that in order to test the truth of their statement he set a trap, by overlaying his court with glass in imitation of water, but that when the Queen lifted her skirts to wade through, he saw the accusation was a vile instigation of jealousy. It is, however, the journeying of the Queen to Jerusalem as described in the

Book of Kings which Mr. Duncan has so delightfully visualised.

More alluring perhaps in story is that of Deirdire, and without her the charm of Celtic lore would lose much. Incidents in her life have been lovingly recorded by Lady Gregory and Mr. W. B. Yeats in Ireland, and that indefatigable mystic and economist "Æ" recreated her in the first important play performed by the company from which sprang the Irish National Theatre. But it is to Mr. Alexander Carmichael that Scotland owes a special debt of gratitude for his lifelong chronicling of the beauty of the Celtic past. It



"DEIDIRE." BY JOHN  
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

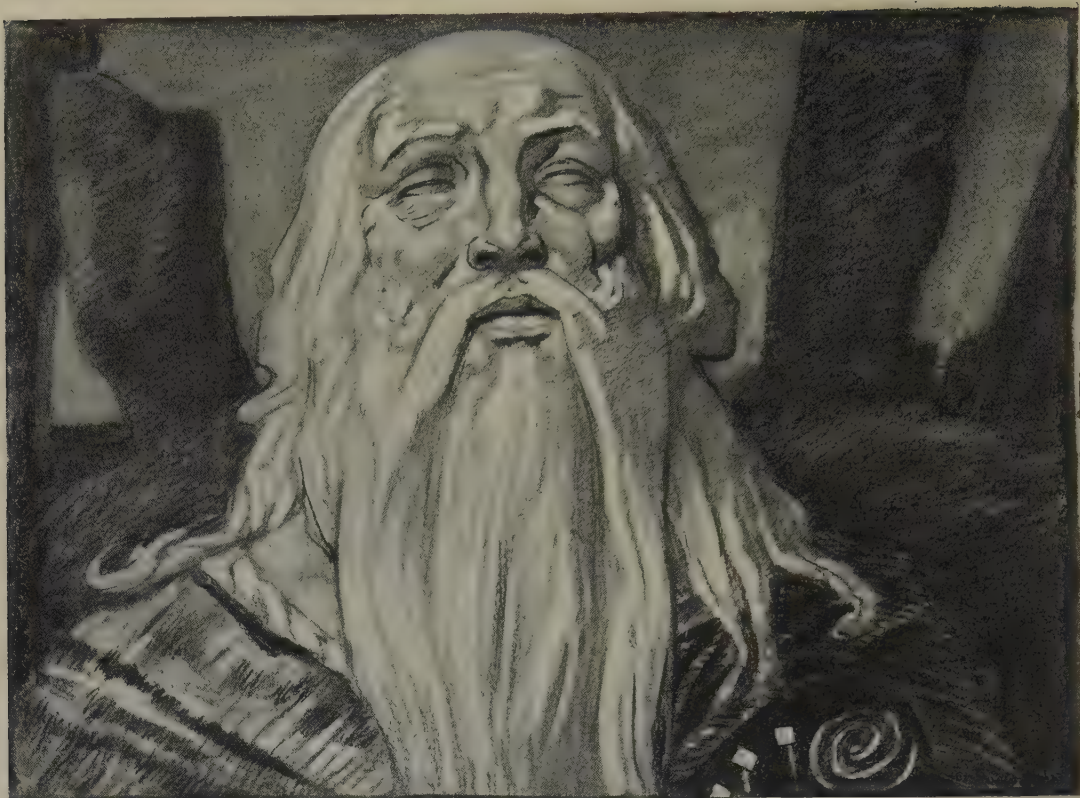
is his loving, thoughtful life of Deidire, founded on oral tradition patiently recorded, that has often held Mr. Duncan enthralled in the far away dreamland days, in the land of Lorne, which is lovelier because she lived there, though her name is hardly known to the stranger. ♣ ♣

From the "Myths of Greece and Rome," the story of Alcestis has also a heroic charm, which has certainly not failed to appeal to Mr. Duncan. In his *Christ Walking on the Sea*, too, he has depicted Christ as a type of energy of will control and fixed purpose. Similar characteristics distinguish his creation of *Fionn* (Ossian's

father), a fine old Highland chieftain of whom much praise is bestowed in "The Book of Lismore." Then we have *Ossian* himself, the greatest poet of the Gael, whose poems James Macpherson has sympathetically translated, and despite the opinion that they are not genuine renderings of the ancient originals, one cannot help quoting from his "Fingal": "Pleasant are the words of the song . . . lovely the tales of other times!" ♣ ♣

Having but slightly touched upon the themes of Mr. Duncan's pictures and the sources from which they came, of their art in construction and colour I have said





"OSSIAN." BY JOHN  
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

nothing. That belongs to the artist and his vision—his vision as seen in the countries through which we wander in dream and to which on awakening living nature around us may add somewhat of her colour. Nor is it my desire to dissect Mr. Duncan's pictures and by so doing diminish the soul of their appeal. Yet I fancy that even the most exacting technical critic will fail to find in them flaws upon which he could long dwell. It may, however, not be out of place to refer briefly to the ways and means the artist has used in arresting his visions. While in France the use of tempera, as employed by the primitives and others, made a strong appeal to him, and it is in that medium that much of his important work has been done. A keen seeker after the ancient ways and methods, he prepares his own canvas and colours with a scrupu-

lous care that would quite satisfy the heart of Cennino Cennini. In a recent exhibition held in the galleries of The Petit Salon in Edinburgh, one had an excellent opportunity of intimately viewing a collective gathering of his smaller works in tempera, chalk, water-colour and oils. Among his oil paintings some landscapes of the Western Isles were exceptionally distinguished. Only those who have visited the islands—the "many coloured lands," as the ancient Gael named them—can have any idea of their mystic moods and brilliancy of colour. On Iona, for instance, one day may dawn with dusky hues and another with an opalescence that makes the brightest and purest pigments look dull by comparison. ▯

That Mr. Duncan's work has of recent years advanced in technical charm and colour as well as in creative design is at

## THE POSTER REVIVAL

once proclaimed by his *Hymn to the Rose*, purchased by the Scottish Modern Arts Association, and *The Coming of Bride*, acquired for the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery and already reproduced in *THE STUDIO*. Nor will any who were fortunate enough to witness his Celtic group in a pageant some few years ago in Edinburgh easily forget its colour and impressive arrangement. At present he is to be found on the island of Iona, within sight of those other isles, which call up the past in story he is never too weary to listen to amidst the silence of the hills, or lingering awhile in some humble cottage to join in the songs of ancient days lulled into melody by the sea playing on its white shelled shores.

E. A. TAYLOR.

### THE POSTER REVIVAL. II. MR. F. GREGORY BROWN.

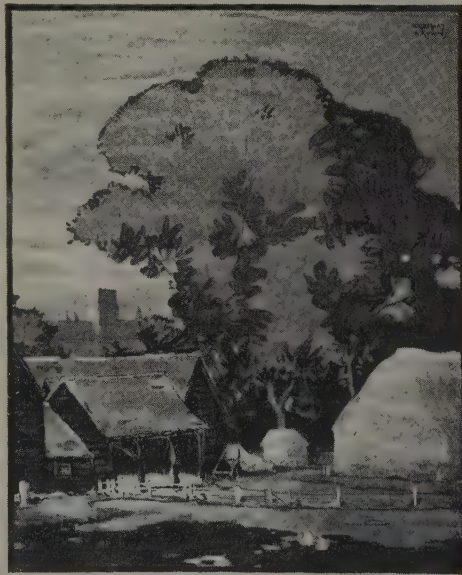
PERHAPS the best-known posters in the campaign of the London Electric Railways have been those advising the pedestrian how to avoid being run over. This solicitude on the part of an underground railway for the perils of the traveller above ground might almost seem to have a hint of irony, were it not that the company also controls the motor omnibuses, which are the principal terror of the streets. There is also on the surface something ambiguous in decorating the walls of this submerged tunnel with pictures of sunny farms and country lanes, to tantalise passengers deprived of the sky and sunlight. But a moment's thought reveals the perfect propriety of both these types of decoration. What could be more encouraging to the traveller in the bowels of the earth than to reflect on the dangers he is escaping and the pleasant countryside into which after a swift sojourn below he is to be transported! The majority of the posters which gave point and expression to this aspect of the Tube were the work of Mr. F. Gregory Brown, who has since devoted himself almost entirely to this and kindred branches of what is called commercial art.

Mr. Gregory Brown has had the ad-

vantage of escaping the usual methods of artistic training in this country. Had he been a student at the Slade or Royal Academy Schools he might have painted the accepted type of easel picture and exhibited regularly at the New English Art Club or Burlington House. Both these institutions encourage a superior attitude towards art that is applied to a useful purpose, very much as the writer of books looks down on the journalist. Fortunately for our hoardings Mr. Gregory Brown was early apprenticed to metal-work, and thus began as a designer for applied art. This is an important factor. The limitations imposed by a craft are bound to have a salutary effect on any artist.

At the early age of sixteen the young Gregory Brown exhibited two pictures of Thames barges at the Shipping Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery,

### ST ALBANS ROUTE



POSTER FOR THE LONDON UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY. BY F. GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.



## THE POSTER REVIVAL

then under the direction of Mr. Charles Aitken. He also made a number of drawings for the illustrations of minor magazines. His training so far as schools of art are concerned was confined to a little Life drawing under Mr. Swinstead at the North London School of Art. Although latterly he occupied a studio in Fitzroy Street, he never belonged to any of the "groups," and it is not easy to trace any strong influence in his work. If anything he might be grouped with certain young artists—including Mr. Steven Spurrier and Mr. E. A. Cox—who owe something to the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn. But even the influence of this great decorative artist did not last very long, and Mr. Brown is now himself being paid the tribute of imitation. As a painter he has exhibited fairly regularly at the International, the Royal Society of British Artists (of which he was elected a member in 1912), and occasionally at the Royal Academy and the Institute of Oil Painters. He has sent pictures by invitation to Pittsburgh, U.S.A., and the principal provincial galleries. He has also designed carpets and some very effective printed cretonnes and voiles. ▀

But Mr. Gregory Brown's real career began in 1914 with his series of posters for the Underground Railways. In these he succeeded in a remarkable way in rendering sunlight in a purely decorative manner. While studying natural forms closely he strove to give, by means of flat colours and bold outlines, something of the joy of sunny country lanes, red-tiled roofs and bright skies, using colour and tone values quite arbitrarily. It has been urged by some critics that the forms are a little realistic for such deliberately conventional colour-schemes, but it must be remembered that many of the Underground posters have been small bills to be looked at close to and demanding a treatment different from that used for large posters displayed high above the eye. Recently Mr. Brown has been engaged on larger posters for the hoardings, and his work has at the same time progressed towards a greater breadth and simplicity. Exhibitions of these posters have been held all over the world. One of the first advertisers to perceive the value of the

work was again the managing director of the firm of drapers whose poster for stockings is here reproduced. ▀ ▀

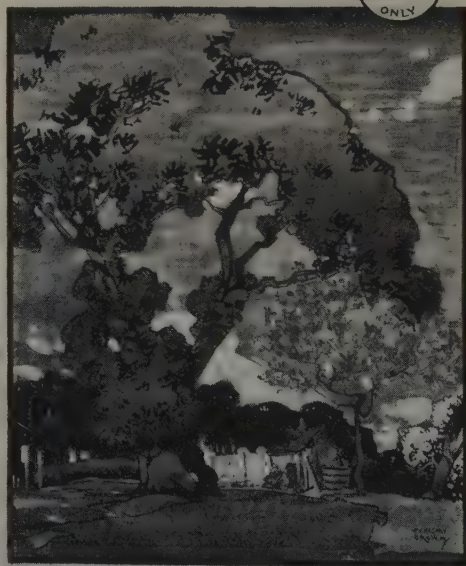
An important aspect of the poster revival is that it is a vindication of indirect advertising. The Underground posters were talked about more than any posters for years, and they never gave a picture of a train. The most widespread notion of a poster is one giving a representation of the object advertised. Now there are very few articles of which it can be said that their appeal is purely pictorial, or that their most valuable properties can be expressed in a picture. A picture of a ten foot tin of cocoa does not tell you what it tastes like. It is also so dull and uninteresting that you do not look at it at all. The photographic film posters deter one from picture theatres, but the wild decorative posters for some of the Italian films are immensely intriguing. ▀

HORACE TAYLOR.

## HADLEY WOODS

ROUTE

SUNDAYS  
29A  
ONLY



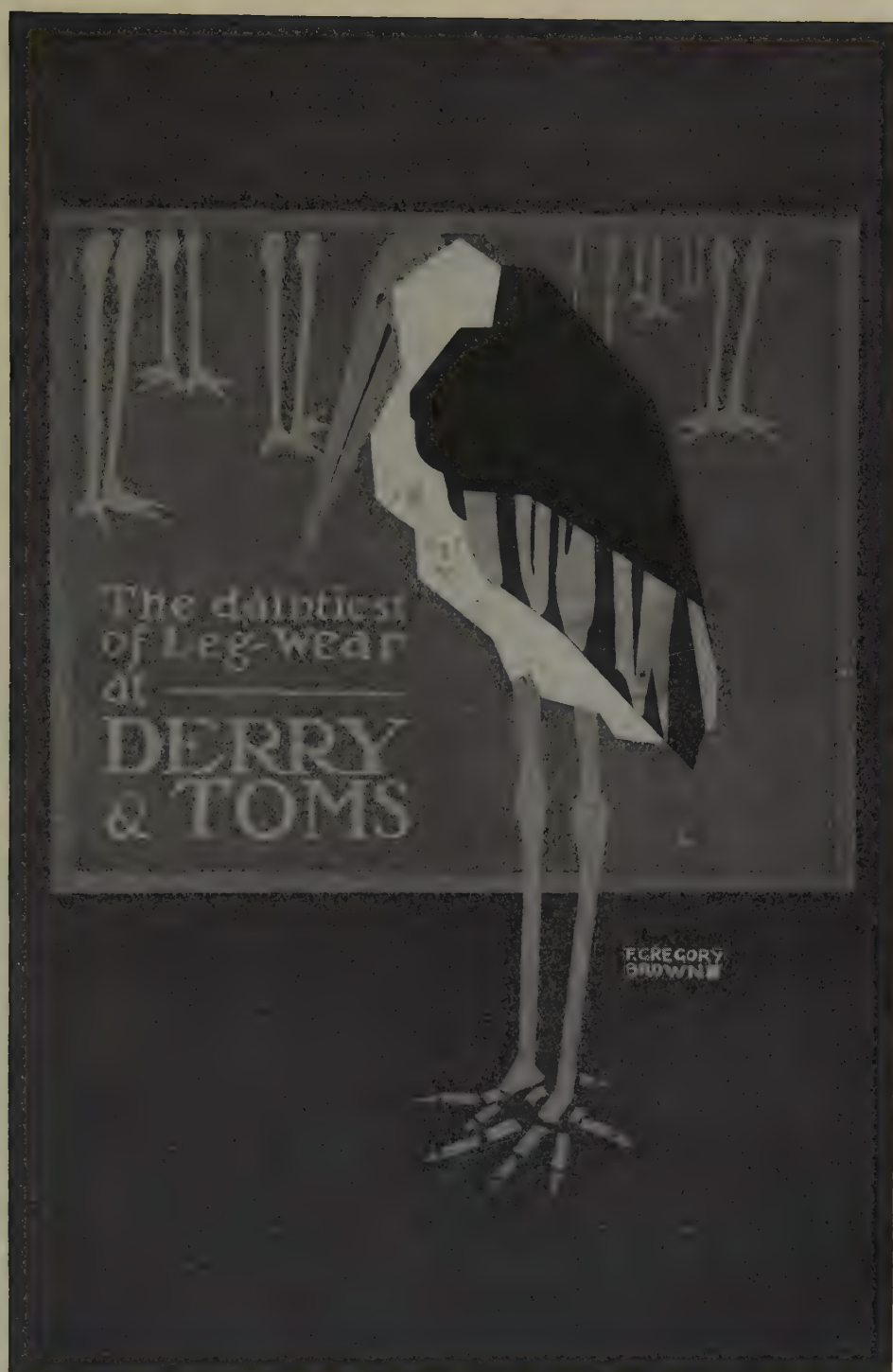
POSTER FOR THE LONDON  
UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC  
RAILWAY. BY F. GREGORY  
BROWN, R.B.A.



POSTERS DESIGNED BY  
F. GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.







POSTER DESIGNED BY F.  
GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.



## STUDIO-TALK

(From our own Correspondent).

LONDON.—Though some little time may elapse before the whole of the Tate Gallery is reopened to the public, owing to the large amount of redecoration now being carried out, the rooms at present accessible contain ample material for the student of British art to revel in. Two of the larger rooms, consecrated to the immortal genius of Turner, are ablaze with the glorious emanations of his palette; these contain most of the paintings transferred from the National Gallery, but ere long two smaller rooms, hung with a goodly array of his water-colours and pencil sketches, will be thrown open. ▀

Our frontispiece this month is in-

teresting as illustrating a quite exceptional phase of this great master's art. It is an oil sketch painted direct from nature during his second sketching tour in that county in the summer of 1813, and, according to Mr. A. J. Finberg, it is one of the very few sketches of the kind which Turner ever made, for as a rule all his work direct from nature was done with the pencil and without colour. The circumstances which induced him to depart on this occasion from his habitual practice of sketching only in pencil have been described by the late Sir Charles Eastlake. While Turner was staying at Plymouth he was generally accompanied on his tours by a local artist, Mr. Ambrose Johns, of Plymouth. To induce Turner to work in oils Mr. Johns "fitted up a



Portland Race.  
Ebb Tide.

Bertram Buchanan

"PORTLAND RACE, EBB TIDE." AQUA  
TINT BY BERTRAM BUCHANAN  
(Bromhead, Cutts & Co.—see page 155)





PEACOCK PANEL IN PATCHWORK.  
DESIGNED AND WORKED BY AMY SAWYER.







"THE SOUTH DOWNS FROM FYRLE"  
ETCHING BY BERTRAM BUCHANAN  
(Bromhead, Cutts & Co.)

small portable painting-box containing some prepared paper for oil sketches, as well as the other necessary materials. When Turner halted at a scene and seemed inclined to sketch it, Johns produced the inviting box, and the great artist, finding everything ready to his hand, immediately began to work." In this way Turner produced about a dozen oil sketches of scenes round Plymouth. Most of them were in his possession when he died and were included in the Turner Bequest to the National Gallery. He does not seem to have regarded this experiment of working direct from nature in oils as a success, as he never repeated it; nor does he seem to have used any of these sketches

as material for his larger compositions. They are, nevertheless, very delightful records of some of the loveliest scenery in England, and the *Bridge* is one of the most pleasing of the series. ♦ ♦ ♦

In these days of high prices the rag-bag is not to be despised, and how effectively its resources may be utilised is shown by Miss Amy Sawyer's *Peacock Panel*, which we have reproduced as a colour supplement. With the exception of some machine sewing done by a friend all the needlework in this large panel, 24 square feet in area, was done with the artist's left hand. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Bertram Buchanan is an etcher but newly come within our ken, although





WOODCUT BY  
ROBERT GIBBINGS

we learn from Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts and Co., who are showing a selection of his prints in their pleasant little gallery in Cork Street, that he has been etching for twenty years and winning the admiration of collectors and artists. His work upon the copper has been done, it would seem, *con amore*, for his profession was soldiering until he retired from the regular army as a colonel after serving throughout the war. Now he lives upon a farm in Sussex and enjoys himself with the gentle art of etching. Particularly he seems to be interested in the structure of scenery, especially such as that of the Weald and the Downs, in the undulating shapes of which his etching needle finds rich opportunity for the interplay of sweeping lines. *South Downs from Fyrlé*, reproduced here, is so far his most important plate, in which the treatment of light calls for special commendation. In his use of aquatint, as we see in the very vivid *Portland Race*, *Ebb Tide*, Mr. Buchanan builds up his pictorial impression with flat tones sharply juxtaposed; very effective this in suggesting the structural character of the cliffs and the lively wash of the sea-breakers, with the startling lights and shadows cast by broken threatening sky. ■ ■ ■

The growing appreciation of the wood-

cut as a vehicle of original expression is without doubt one of the outstanding phenomena in the progress of art at the present day. In France, especially, its vogue has been steadily increasing, and many are the publications which appear with decorations or illustrations from wood blocks instead of the more commonplace half-tone blocks. A great stimulus to the revival of the wood-cut was given by the Société de la Gravure en bois originale which, founded some two or three years before the war, has recently reorganised its plan of operations by admitting collectors and foreign practitioners. In this country we have hitherto had no society exclusively associated with wood engraving, but recently a new body has been formed under the title of The Society of Wood Engravers, and its inaugural exhibition is being held at the Chenil Gallery, King's Road, Chelsea, from November 15 to December 24. The artists forming this new Society are Gordon Craig, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Robert Gibbings, Eric Gill, Philip Hagreen, Sydney Lee, T. Sturge Moore, John Nash, Lucien Pissarro, Gwendolen Raverat, and Noel Rooke. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The two woodcuts by Mr. Edmund Lucchesi which we reproduce are characteristic of the work he is doing. He has a special predilection for masses of black,



"DANSE JOYEUSE." BY  
EDMUND LUCCHESI  
(By courtesy of "Pan")



"LA MORTE DU CYGNE."  
FROM A WOODBLOCK PRINT  
BY EDMUND LUCCHESE.

THE  
STUDIO







"RED AND BLACK." OIL PAINTING  
BY J. STANLEY CURSITER]

often relieved with one or may be two or three well chosen tints which impart an agreeable decorative quality and gaiety to his prints.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

As some compensation for the diminution of exhibition facilities caused by the closing of more than one gallery in the West End there is to be recorded the opening of a new gallery at Knightsbridge, (Pavilion Road). It is called the Collector's Gallery and its first exhibition, now being held, consists of a collection of water-colours and pictures by Mr. Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.   ♦

GLASGOW.—Some forty years ago the "Glasgow School of Painters" became an established fact, public opinion

was aroused, an educative process begun, and to-day the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute creates widespread interest and exercises an influence of incalculable effect at a time when every refining force should be most actively exerted to counteract the coarsening tendencies that have been let loose.   ♦   ♦

The visitor to the M'Lellan Galleries does not go far without having his attention arrested. He is pulled up suddenly before one of those Guthrie creations that make the work even of brilliant contemporaries appear to lack some essential quality, as one of them puts it. The *Lady Hermione Stuart*, lent by the Earl of Moray, is more than the inspired portrait of a young girl standing in a grey





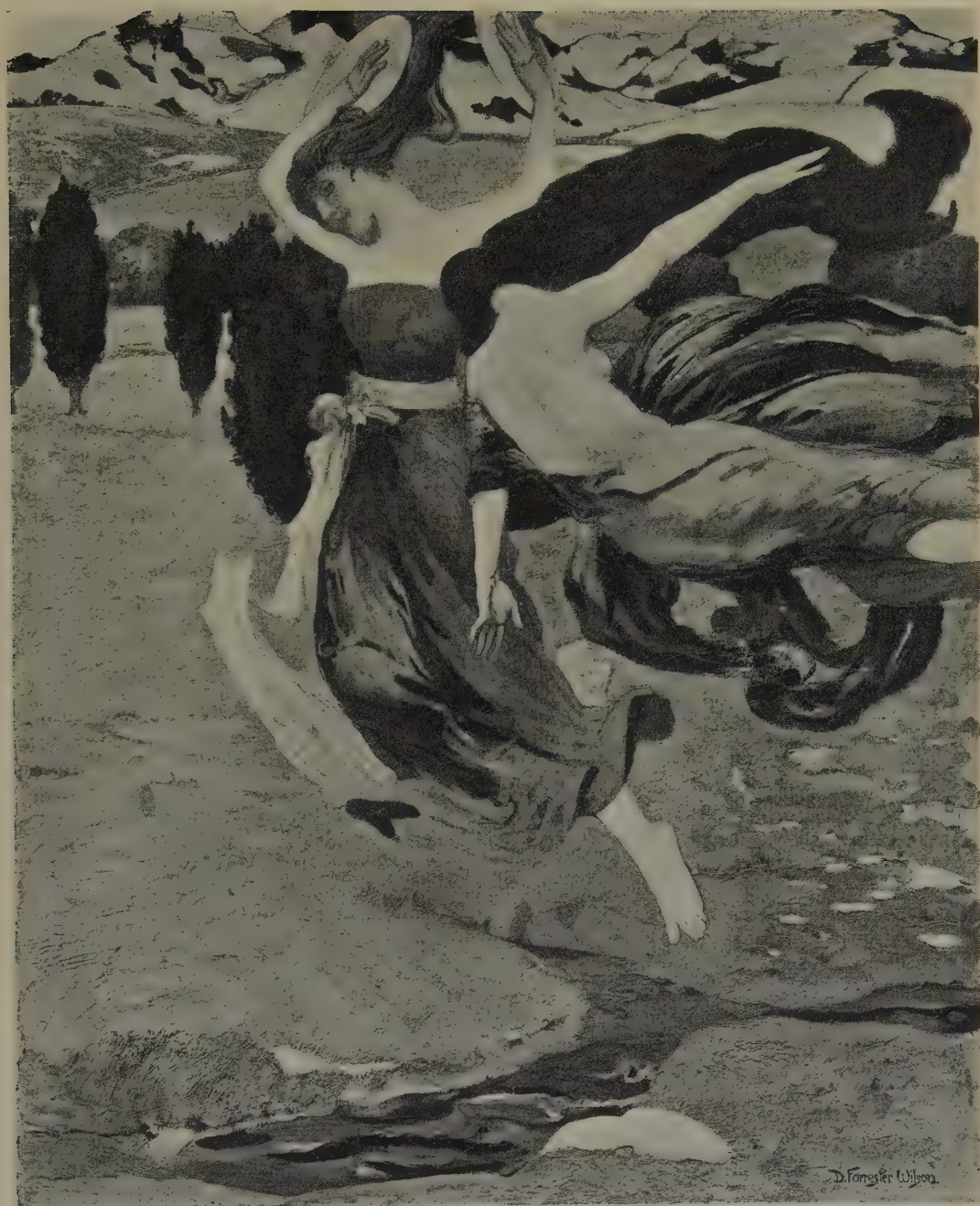
"BULL FIGHT—THE BANDERILLEROS"  
WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL  
FLINT, R.W.S.

frock at the foot of a brown oaken staircase, with shadowy recesses in a panelled hall for background; it is the essence of a personality, presented with the artistry of genius, with most apparent ease, yet in reality the result of consummate concern, of technical skill. Other notable portraitists represented are Mr. W. Somerville Shanks, in a masterly clerical study; Mr. William Findlay, by a graceful pose in young girlhood; Mr. Howard Somerville by *Eileen*, a Japanese study against opaque background, with dexterously painted drapery; Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, and Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, equally expert in reality and imagery; Messrs. David Alison, Andrew Law, J. B. Anderson, and Harold Knight, who all send solid achievements.

Among the figure studies two works are opposingly attractive.—*The Valley of Melting Snow*, by Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, ablaze with brilliant colour, green, blue,

red, and yellow being mixed dexterously in a veritable tonal tonic, and *Red and Black*, by Mr. Stanley Cursiter, a contemplative study of rare placidity. Mr. Robert Hope, A.R.S.A., has a congenial subject in *The Golden Apple*. The interest here centres in the lady with auburn hair, so statuesquely represented by the artist at this year's Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A dominating exhibit, in one of the big galleries, is a remarkable nude study by Mr. William Nicholson, *Carlina*, recommended for purchase by the Glasgow Art Galleries Committee. It is remarkable that Glasgow should have been years behind Aberdeen in public appreciation of this talented artist's work. Mention must be made of *A Gingo Ring in the Sea*, by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, R.S.A., a quintette of exuberant maidens gambolling in the foamy surf. In *Spilled Milk*, Mr. George



"THE VALLEY OF MELTING  
SNOWS." OIL PAINTING BY  
D. FORRESTER WILSON





"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE"  
WATER-COLOUR BY JAMES  
CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

Pirie, A.R.S.A., reveals his intimacy with and affection for the animal kingdom. ▽

In landscape work the exhibition is distinguished at many points. Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, R.A., Mr. Bertram Priestman, A.R.A., and Mrs. Laura Knight, with a remarkably drawn and toned Industrial Sketch by Mr. James S. Hill, R.I., worthily represent English Art, while Mr. Julius Olsson, R.A., revels in charms of a glorious summer sea. Sir David Murray, R.A., a regular contributor to the Institute, in *Grimersta, Isle of Lewis*, captures the atmosphere of the much discussed western isle that juts out into the blue Atlantic. Mr. William Wells resumes exhibiting with two Devonshire sketches, clear as ether; Mr. George Houston, A.R.S.A., contributes from the romantic loch country sketching ground; Mr. Archibald Kay, A.R.S.A., Mr. Tom Hunt, R.S.W., and Mr. A. Brownlie Docharty treat with interest Highland enchantment; while Lowland Scottish landscape art is capably represented by Mr. John Henderson and Mr. J. Morris Henderson; and Mr. Hugh Munro gives renewed introduction to his particular type in æsthetic environment. Mr. W. A. Gibson's French and Dutch landscapes are compositionally and tonally convincing. Mr. R. Macaulay Stevenson's *Reverie*, lent by Mr. Hugh Duncan, is one of those dreamy, subtle, suggestive visions possible only to a rare temperamentalist.

In the Water-Colour Section, Mr. W. Russell Flint is conspicuous on a generous scale. His *Bull Fight: The Banderilleros*, and *Promenade des Jeunes Filles, Jour de Fête, Provence*, are marked by that spontaneity and purity of wash, which as Arthur Melville demonstrated so completely, the medium is capable of encouraging. In *Autumn Landscape* Mr. James Cadenhead, A.R.S.A., gives a poetic rendering of a peaceful scene, Mr. A. K. Brown, R.S.A., Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, A.R.S.A., Mr. Ewen Geddes, R.S.W., Mr. Edwin Noble, R.B.A., and Mr. Robert Eadie send notable contributions; while striking still life representations come from Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., Mr. S. J. Peploe, A.R.S.A., and Mr. Leslie Hunter. ▽ ▽ ▽

The Sculpture includes, besides some excellent work by Scottish sculptors, characteristic examples of the art of Mr.

Alfred Drury, R.A., Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Epstein. ▽ ▽ ▽

J. T.

## REVIEWS.

*Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R.A.* Foreword by EDEN PHILLPOTTS; technical note by E. HESKETH HUBBARD. (London: Morland Press, Ltd.) Mr. Brangwyn's amazing versatility as an artist and his no less amazing craftsmanship are well shown in the seventy bookplates here gathered together and admirably presented in monochrome or in one or other agreeable combination of tints. Some are reproduced from pencil sketches of rare delicacy, but many, if not most of them, are apparently printed from wood blocks cut by the artist himself, who has designed expressly for this volume a number of initials, decorations, etc., and they reveal that "masculine forthrightness and grip" which, as Mr.



CHARLES HOLME

FROM "THE BOOKPLATES OF  
FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A."  
Morland Press, Ltd.)



## REVIEWS

Eden Phillpotts remarks, are the sign-manual of Mr. Brangwyn's many-sided art. And not only does the artist show, to quote again from the foreword, "what a very big thing a little plate may be," but the collection as a whole displays in an unusual degree the resourcefulness of his alert imagination in adapting his designs to the circumstances of each case. ▯

*A Record of European Armour and Arms through Seven Centuries.* By Sir GUY FRANCIS LAKING, Bart., etc., late Keeper of the King's Armoury. Vol. II. (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)—From an announcement prefixed to this volume it appears that at the time of the author's death, just a year ago, all five volumes of this monumental work were already in type, although only the first was actually printed. In accordance with his wish Mr. Francis Cripps Day has taken charge of the remaining four volumes and is dealing with further material entrusted to him by the author for the purpose. In this second volume the subject of the head-piece, already dealt with in part in the first volume, is continued in four chapters, the types discussed being those known as the "salade," the "chapel-de-fer" or "chapawe," the "armet," and the helm, while in succeeding chapters chain mail, the gauntlet, the shield and buckler, and the sword of various types, including swords of ceremony, are dealt with at length. All the important examples cited under each head are illustrated by excellent photographic reproductions or drawings. ▯

*Old English Furniture and its Surroundings.* By MACIVER PERCIVAL. (London: William Heinemann.) The feature of this volume is its multitude of illustrations, the objects represented comprising not merely furniture in the usual sense of the word, but fitments and permanent decorations and a great variety of appointments and accessories with which houses of the better-class were equipped in the periods covered by the book—that is, from the Restoration down to the Regency. It goes without saying that an exhaustive treatment of the subject would require far more than a single volume of the compass of this one, and the author has therefore, in treating of each period, discussed only the typical characteristics of its productions. ▯ ▯

*School and Fireside Crafts.* By ANN MACBETH and MAY SPENCE (London: Methuen & Co.)—This eminently practical and very copiously illustrated handbook deserves a place in every school and household. The aim of the authors is "to suggest employment for mind and hand such as may without strenuous labour or expense be carried on in school or home, and such as may prove stimulating as leisure work, and to some extent pay its way as regards cost." Pottery of a simple character; basket-making, embracing mat, web, net and coil weaving; needlework, rug-making (by means of a needle or a simple loom), and cord making; decorated woodwork in relation to articles of domestic use, children's toys, etc., and finally, decorative leatherwork, are the subjects dealt with, and the technique in each case is explained with admirable clearness. ▯

*Legends and Romances of Spain.* By LEWIS SPENCE, F.R.A.I. Illustrated by OTWAY MCCANNELL, R.B.A. (London: G. G. Harrap & Co.)—This excellent conspectus of Spanish romantic literature as expressed in its *cantares de gesta*, its *romances* or ballads, its novels of chivalry, its Moorish romances and various other forms, including the immortal masterpiece of Cervantes will, it is hoped, have the result desired by the author of stimulating the study of them in the Castilian tongue, which except as a medium of modern commercial intercourse has so far remained largely a *lingua incognita* among Anglo-Saxons. It is worthy of note that while the domination of the Moors left abiding traces on all the plastic arts of which Spain has inherited such a rich legacy from the past, the romantic literature here described, originating mostly in the northern regions, is almost entirely free from Musulman influence. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Messrs. Harrap & Co.'s publications this season also include reprints of two of the most popular modern works of fiction—*The Three Musketeers* of Dumas, presented in a new translation which corresponds more closely to the original than some of the translations current, and Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Both contain illustrations in colour, the first by Mr. Rowland Wheelwright and the other by the same artist and Mr. William Sewell. ▯







"A VILLAGE PROCESSION," FROM  
THE OIL PAINTING BY VALENTIN  
DE ZUBIAURRE

